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LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1848.

REVIEWS

Switzerland in 1847; and its Condition, Political, Social, Moral and Physical, before the War. By Theodore Mügge. Edited by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. 2 vols. Bentley.

Mr. Theodore Mügge, known to his countrymen as the author of certain works on Norway, Denmark, &c., has not heretofore been formally presented to the reading public of England. This omission, such as it was, is now corrected by Mrs. Percy Sinnett;—who has performed her office of introduction well. The work which forms the medium, notwithstanding some grave faults, is, on the whole, a useful addition to the library,—and will be welcome in the present crisis to a large circle of political and general readers. Theodore Mügge is far from being a common tourist. He travels with a purpose,—and writes with one. He is continually escaping out of the beaten track, baffling the guide-books, and forgetting the stereotyped expressions. Even those who best know the nooks and corners of Switzerland will find scenes and pictures in his book that are new to them. Our author's plan was to see the whole of the country, and personally report thereon.

Though a master in the facile art of book-making, and sometimes but little merciful in the use which he makes of his proficiency, our author mostly contrives to have something to say of his own—some piece of information to give—some noteworthy account of men or things to present. He brings, too, to his selected task many of the qualifications most essential to its performance: time, and the disposition cautiously and faithfully to examine into the state of the country; a general sympathy with free institutions; acquaintance with the leading men of the day; and much collateral knowledge—without which no man can be entitled to pronounce on the customs and constitutions of a people,—including an intimate acquaintance with the languages, cantonal and communal laws, and general history of the Republic down to the period of his visit. Against these advantages there is not wanting a formidable array of faults—faults, however, which are as much national as individual. His prejudices, both religious and political, are inveterate and obtrusive. As a Protestant, he feels a personal hostility to the Catholic hierarchy, and especially to the Jesuits: as an educated Prussian, he looks with disdain upon the rude republicans whose only knowledge is that of their political rights. These antipathies are carried to an extreme which would be ludicrous if they did not induce a stronger sentiment of disapproval. From first to last, he is determined to admit no merit whatsoever in priests or monks; and so far does he carry this feeling, that, when speaking of the falling of avalanches and the searching for victims in the snow, he pays a well-merited tribute to the “*philanthropic dogs*” of the Convent of Mont St. Bernard but entirely overlooks the services of the good fathers who keep and train them for their work! Again, while he does not disguise his respect for democracy and his hopes of its progress in the world, he never fails to mix up with his respect some elements of contempt for the actual democrats of Switzerland. These defects tend not a little to destroy that confidence in his equity and equanimity with which every writer should endeavour to inspire his reader. He has certain faults of manner, too, towards which the English public is far less lenient than Germans are—namely, verbosity, an occasional minuteness of detail which is wearisome, and a too obvious

and encyclopædian arrangement of the whole contents of his volumes. His editor excuses his diffuseness by his haste. He had not time to write a small book, so he wrote a large one:—a justification which we cannot accept unless “on grounds more relative than this.” We are not given to know or made to feel any necessity for the apologetic haste. The book was not the bulletin of any great event. In fact, it was going through the press when the crisis which it should have described arrived. Had Mr. Mügge waited a month or two longer, he might have completed his work; giving us a notable chapter of contemporary history, instead of a mere fragment—a prelude before the battle. As it is, his ‘*Switzerland in 1847*’ requires its complement. The great event of the year finds no place in it—the striking consummation of the drama is omitted. The want of this is less felt now, while every incident of the brief but decisive act is new in the reader's memory, than it will be a few years hence; but its absence renders the book, which ought to have been a history, a mere ephemera.

Still, with all its drawbacks, this book, as we have said, is welcome. We have derived both instruction and entertainment from its pages. Mr. Mügge is a careful observer, and his acquaintance with the leaders of the people and their recent history render him fully competent to understand the significance of what he saw and heard. The reader will probably not be unwilling to be presented with a few pictures of men and things as they appeared to our author from his particular points of view, in a country which has so recently engrossed and still engages the attention of Europe.

Probably most of our readers comprehend that the events which have just taken place in Switzerland, though ostensibly agitating round religious sentiments and ideas, have in reality been produced by purely political necessities and considerations. The Swiss, amongst whom a certain amount of education is gradually spreading, have already acquired intelligence enough to understand the ancient aphorism—“*Union is strength*,” and to desire that blessing for their common country. No state in Europe is so completely self-antagonized as Switzerland—possessing so many and so various hostile elements, and so few bonds of unity:—not even Germany. The condition of France before the Revolution, of England during the Heptarchy, of Italy in the Middle Ages, of Hellas in ancient times, of the Argentine Republics of the present day—these examples might suggest some of the conflicting ingredients which go to the composition of the politico-social system of Switzerland, but scarcely would afford specimens of them all. Though occupying, comparatively speaking, a mere point of space on the map of the world, Switzerland is divided into twenty-two separate cantons—each canton being for all political purposes sovereign and independent. These cantons are again sub-divided into numerous communes—each commune being for all civil and social purposes governed by its own laws and usages. Every citizen must belong to a commune, and in that commune only can he enjoy his rights. Each commune is, in fact, a corporate body, possessing privileges and property in which each of its citizens has a share—but none else. The feeling which these institutions engender is entirely communal. The nation exists nowhere; the sentiment of nationality—such as it is understood in England, France or Prussia—is not to be found. How should it amongst petty sovereignties peopled by such widely various races of men—Germans, French, Italians, Romanesques, &c.—speaking their dif-

ferent languages and following conflicting rituals? The want of uniformity which pervades all the constitutions of the country is felt perhaps more in civil than in political life. The common law, the coinage, until very recently the weights and measures, vary in the different cantons—to the confusion and almost annihilation of commerce. A potent desire has sprung up to have an end put to this state of things; but watchful enemies of all change within, and powerful rivals without, are interested in preventing the natural development of this spirit and the results which are likely to be affected by it. “*Switzerland*,” says our author, “is a microcosm.”

A cursory glance at the elements composing the contending parties will show us here men aiming at national unity and popular freedom, there the old reigning caste and their partisans; here the priests and the influence of Rome, and there modern Protestant fanaticism; the influence of France, of Austria, and of the old half-decaying, half-vigorous spirit of the past still struggling to maintain itself in a thousand customs and usages; the younger and more cultivated part of society struggling to put it down; the press now following, now leading, and under the guidance of all sorts of hands, capable and incapable. We shall find also very different degrees of development in the various parties; here industry, wealth, trade, manufacture of all kinds, and close beside them the Alps and the Alpine herdsmen; here agriculture and cattle-breeding in their highest excellence, and a few miles further, bare rocky summits and eternal snow. The wonderful variety which external nature displays in Switzerland, where the glacier and the orange-tree are side by side, is not less apparent in its human life.”

The communal feeling—perpetuating as it does every shade of difference and demarcation—probably lies at the root of all the divisions of the Swiss. Experience has almost uniformly pronounced a verdict against close and ancient corporations of this kind. Some of the more immediate social results are thus remarked upon.—

“Every parish or commune, which in Switzerland signifies not an ecclesiastical but a political division, has its assembly, consisting of all the citizens whose names, as belonging thereto, stand in the communal register. This point of communal registry is of great importance, since all whose names are not thus entered are of the ‘homeless,’ a word of melancholy significance in Switzerland; designating a class whose condition yet remains unaltered, though its injustice and cruelty excite the deepest indignation in every unprejudiced mind. That the treatment of the ‘homeless’ is the plague-spot of Switzerland may be gathered from hundreds of Swiss books containing histories of savage persecutions and frightful cruelties; yet the causes of this atrocity lie deep in the whole social system of the country, which rests on the communal system, the canton being composed of a number of such communes, forming little states within the State. Every child born of registered citizens becomes, by birth, a citizen of the commune, and thereby also a citizen of the canton and of the Confederation. He shares all political rights, exercises them according to established laws, is supported by the communal funds when in distress, and assists in bearing all the common burdens. He is therefore fully entitled to every Swiss privilege when his name once stands in the communal register; not so, however, should he belong to the pariahs who are unable to prove their communal rights, which, through loss of papers, illegitimate birth, fraud, or neglect, may easily occur. Then he is ‘homeless,’ the commune rejects him, and, often hunted like a wild beast, he flies from place to place, is moved from prison to prison, transported from canton to canton, persecuted, tormented, and everywhere left helpless; for, every one of these little states consisting of a fixed number of communes, there is no space left for him to exist in, nowhere a safe place of refuge. In Zurich, the right of settlement has been now made much easier of attainment, and thus a way has been opened towards the alleviation and ultimate extinction of the

ancient cruelties; but in other cantons, especially the smaller ones, where it is almost impossible to obtain this right, the number of homeless still remains very great, and terrible things are related of their sufferings and persecutions."

We give an illustration of the actual working of these communal laws—which is not without its interest of another kind.—

"Four miles from Chur, on the banks of the Rhine, and directly under a precipitous mountain-wall, stands the unfortunate village of Felsberg, whose imminent danger of being crushed beneath a falling mass of rock excites so much sympathy in Germany. Isolated fragments have fallen from time to time without doing any great damage; others are lying on the very edge of the precipice, and may fall at any moment. But the most serious danger lies in the enormous gaps and clefts in the mountain side, directly above Felsberg, which are plainly to be seen from below. When the waters flowing through these fissures have loosened the ground to a certain extent, a catastrophe is unavoidable. This event has been expected for years, and some of the inhabitants have erected cottages on the neighbouring hills as places of shelter; but the majority cling to their old abodes, although they must rush out of them whenever a rumbling noise is heard, or a stone falls from the mountain. In what constant terror must these poor people live; with what trembling lie down to rest, for who can say whether the morrow's sun will not shine upon their common rocky grave? Many attempts have been made to leave the place, and found another Felsberg; but religious fanaticism has hitherto frustrated them. Opposite Felsberg lies the village of Ems, inhabited by a wealthy catholic community, possessed of extensive common lands, a portion of which would amply content the poor Felsbergers. Provided with sufficient funds from their own resources, the help of the State, and contributions from Germany, the Felsbergers entreated their wealthy neighbours to sell them land enough to settle on; but the request was refused. The Felsbergers are, therefore, compelled to remain on the left bank of the Rhine, and must build their new village close to the river, where they are safe from the mountain it is true, but have yearly to dread an inundation. Some precautions have been taken; dams have been made; but it is said that the construction is faulty, and promises little effective service. In no other way can these poor people be aided, inasmuch as no commune can be compelled to sell its land. The general voice is loud against the people of Ems, but to what purpose? The sovereign commune will not give way, and the State has little help to give."

From the press—that great instrument of regeneration and progress in free countries—it would seem from Mr. Mügge's account that little can be expected in the way of assistance in any radical improvement in Switzerland.—

"The press of Switzerland presents for the most part, it must be owned, a spectacle, very little edifying, of perpetual encounters, in which the champions on both sides avail themselves of every resource which malice and intrigue, great or small, can offer as a weapon to attack a rival. If the language and conduct of the press be considered as a test by which the state of intellectual culture among a people may be estimated, that of Switzerland will hardly deserve a very high place; but much allowance must nevertheless be made for the circumstance that the greater part of the Swiss papers are written for simple country people and citizens, who are best pleased with brief, sharp, and even coarse expressions. People of high culture and refinement are not very numerous in Switzerland; and these journals are commonly nothing more than mere trading speculations. Their contributors are wretchedly paid; regular editor there is perhaps none; the bookseller who owns the paper will write a little himself, or get some friends who are fond of seeing themselves in print to help him with their lucubrations. * * There are an immense number of these small Swiss papers, of all colours and shades, from the Jesuit mouth-pieces of Lucerne to the wild Radicals of Zurich or Berne, one of which lately, called the 'Free Voice,' threatened the deputies who might be friendly to the Jesuits with a *drubbing*. The editor of this dignified print was formerly a member of the Executive Council, and is now an in-

keeper, whose house is the rendezvous of the Radicals. Hither come burgomasters, and colonels, and judges, and deputies, to talk over what has happened, or lay plans for what is to happen; and curious enough it is, to a stranger, to find the most influential men in the country sitting in this way on a wooden bench in an arbour of a coffee-garden, and discussing public affairs over a glass of wine or beer. I have also met at these places men of high distinction in literature and science, amongst whom I may mention Prof. Schnell, the author of the 'Manual of Swiss Political Law,' and the celebrated Prof. Oken."

The two amusements of those who belong to the movement party in Switzerland are rifle-shooting and singing. Everyone handles a gun:—and this fact tends to explain the facility with which so imposing a force was lately raised when France and Austria threatened to intervene—120,000 well-armed men in a few days!—Such demonstrations as this are not to be overlooked by those who themselves rely on the power of the musket.

A few brief notes on two or three of the men whose names have recently been much upon the world's tongue may be appropriately appended here. First of Mr. Baumgartner.—

"At the sittings at which I was present there was only one man of remarkable talent, namely, the deputy from St. Gall, Mr. Baumgartner, who had been formerly an arch Radical and a violent opponent of the Jesuits—who was once the soul of all Radical movements, and the hope and pride of the party. But, on some offence being offered to his ambition and vanity, he made peace with Rome and the priests, who had represented him hitherto as a very tool of the Evil One; and his house became the centre of the intrigues which they set on foot in St. Gall, in the hope of bringing the canton back to the bosom of the true Church. Now he battles with all the furious zeal of a renegade for the very principles which, a few years ago, he was as furious in condemning. He is the best speaker in the Diet, and is regarded by many as the man of the most talent; and it is a pity that this high talent should not be supported by a higher character."

A more pleasing sketch is that of M. Druey.—

"Mr. Druey, President of the Council of State in Vaud, has in my opinion the most logical head, the greatest amount of information, and is the most eloquent speaker in the Diet, or perhaps, I should say, would be, if his physical equalled his intellectual qualifications. He has a short but powerful frame, a well-formed head, with a broad, thoughtful forehead, and a brilliant eye, as well as the pleasant open bearing that befits a man of the people. As a decided Radical, and leader of the party in his canton, he advocates the cause with boldness and animation, but without allowing himself to descend to the coarse personalities of his rivals. He speaks in French, and the happy epigrammatic turns of that language doubtless assisted him in the spirited and pointed replies he made to the accusations of his opponents; but most of them are greatly his inferiors. Mr. Druey has studied in Germany, visited both Göttingen and Berlin, and is one of the few Swiss who see in philosophy something more than a beggarly trade, or a knack of playing with words; one of the few also who have looked beyond their native mountains to the general relations of the great European family, and who have had the advantage of a thorough, scientific education. On this foundation have the political opinions been built which he has maintained with unvarying consistency through the vicissitudes of a very chequered public life. He is a man of the people, but an opponent of the Free Corps, and of all interference in the internal affairs of any canton which exercises its sovereign rights according to the decisions of the majority of the people. He has defended the Zurich Revolution of 1839, as well as the changes that took place in Lucerne; but in the Convent question he declared himself for the restoration of the convents in Aargau, by which he has drawn on himself the vehement displeasure of his party. In the Diet he is one of the few who have any claim to be regarded as statesmen, or are calculated to awaken any general interest."

Stämpfli and Ochsenbein are despatched with more brevity.—

Stämpfli, formerly a lawyer in Berne, is a very young man, but his reputation for learning, integrity, and eloquence, has been so great as to cause his election, though he had not at the time attained the twenty-five years which would legally enable him to enter the council. His external appearance is not striking; his countenance bearing a quiet and even shy expression, which, as well as his great silence, is but little characteristic of the active leader of a political party. Ochsenbein is tall, slender, with a fine forehead, light but expressive eyes, and has the courteous manners of a man of the world. His military abilities are, in spite of the Lucerne defeat, [i.e. of the expedition of the Free Corps] as much prized by his fellow-citizens as his character, courage, and principles. His government is probably supported most eagerly by the younger part of the population, whose zeal indeed rather requires moderating than stimulating; for many of these young Radicals seem to aim at the overturn of law and established custom of every kind; apparently believing true freedom to consist in the wildest disregard of every restraint, and professing the utmost contempt for the weakness of form."

Here, as elsewhere, the Prussian peeps out;—an American would philosophize on these things in a different fashion. Our author appears to us a little inconsistent in his admissions;—at one time finding fault with the Swiss for their unceremoniousness, at another for their adherence to forms. He tells by way of illustration the following anecdote of Mr. Peel, our minister at the Diet, on the occasion of the ceremonies attending the opening of that assembly.—

"The principal official personages in Zurich, and the officers of the Federal army, formed a part of the procession; and the foreign ambassadors followed in their carriages—drums beating and soldiers presenting arms. Many of the ambassadors, however, were only represented by their secretaries, as they mostly find it convenient to happen to be on a journey on these occasions. Diplomatic personages, accustomed to a courtly, aristocratic life, generally find Switzerland a most unattractive place of residence, and get out of it again as fast as they can. There is no pleasure or comfort for them since the old Patrician dominion has been overthrown; and, since it is of course impossible for them to associate with Radicals, they are confined pretty nearly to each other's society. The English embassy was, this time, represented by a son of Sir Robert Peel, the secretary, who gave prodigious offence by smoking a cigar as he walked along. He threw it away before he entered the church, but all Zurich was in a fever about this cigar for several days, and the newspapers were vehement in their animadversions on this breach of decorum. The Radicals were most furious of all; they who affect to despise all form could not forgive the English secretary for his disregard of it; and had Switzerland been one of the Great Powers the world would have heard more of this terrible insult. This time, people contented themselves with representing young Peel as causing his father infinite distress by his thoughtless conduct, shaking their heads at him, and talking of what they would have done had their sons behaved so."

Everything considered, however, M. Mügge has faith in the Swiss. He expresses his belief that they will never engage in any war of aggression, and that no invading army could penetrate into and hold their country; but he chronicles and speculates upon the approach of far more formidable invaders than the armed powers of Austria and France—namely the ice and snow. He is not the first who has observed the advance of these enemies, or struck the tocsin of alarm in respect to them; still the fearful interest which attaches to the subject may render any apology for quoting the following unnecessary.—

"In travelling through the Kander Valley I had the company of a pleasant, intelligent man, a pastor, who, in spite of rain and wind, gave me a great deal of information concerning the mode of life of the people of his parish, as well as concerning the

mountains acquainted variably the gl constantly nishing in was himself tary fed la many singl Thus, for years ago during the number co seventy. many diffi Furka, and continually down mor them up; riorating a cause of the higher, for subterranean the chalk mate proc nature? trees once roots are fo Isome va of with fir, can make Valley the they do n Wenger Grindelwa pines, who appearance beyond the attempts l growth of till three c in luxuri One n is one, he room.— "Not fa hills whic amongst who, thou years be of the ver into the li country, done brav trying en upon the lives Hein admira Scim Hi people of low much and usefu on the p timent wrtings, means fo among th Zschokke some of th as, for ex and the author of wide circ his pecun old man, benevolen hospitali putriarch, walking planted me of his in the se is marrie father of Zschokk Sare, children, during n

mountains around, with which he appeared thoroughly acquainted. He confirmed the account I have invariably heard from inhabitants of the country, that the glaciers and masses of ice on the Alps are constantly increasing, and the pasture land diminishing in the same proportion. Many a valley he was himself acquainted with, which in the last century fed large herds of cattle, where now scarcely any single head can pick up a scanty subsistence. Thus, for instance, the Gaster Valley a hundred years ago afforded pasture for six hundred cows during the summer; fifty years ago about half that number could find food; now it will barely support seventy. This same complaint I heard repeated in many different quarters by the herdsmen on the Furka, and in the Grisons. The ice and snow are continually augmenting; the glaciers are pressing down more and more into the valleys, and filling them up; the temperature is sinking; the soil deteriorating and growing marshy. What can be the cause of this alarming change? Are the Alps rising higher, forced upwards by some powerful action of subterranean fire? a cause that is conceivable with the chalk formations; or does this alteration of climate proceed from accidental causes of a temporary nature? This much is certain, that where large trees once grew no tree will grow now; and that large roots are found beneath what is now everlasting snow. In some valleys, where the mountain-sides are clothed with firs, they are obviously dying away, and no art can make a young plantation prosper. In the Ursen Valley the few pines left by Suwarro remain, but they do not increase; and, in descending from the Wengner Alp, at the foot of the Jungfrau, to the Grindelwald, you see to the left a number of dying pines, whose blackened branches have as spectral an appearance as those on the Altenford, in Norway, beyond the polar circle. On the Wengner Alp itself attempts have been made for years to encourage the growth of trees—they will not succeed; and it is not till three or four hundred feet lower that they flourish in luxuriant vigour."

One more picture and we have done:—it is one, however, for which it is pleasant to find room.—

* Not far from the river shore, on the slope of the hills which shut in the Valley of the Aar, stands, amongst other country houses, the villa of a man who, though a native German, has now for many years become, by adoption, a Swiss, and who is one of the very few who have not only entered thoroughly into the life, spirit, and institutions of their adopted country, but have, by writing, speech, and action, done brave battle in her cause, at numerous and trying emergencies. In that vine-covered house upon the hill, surrounded by its beautiful gardens, lives Heinrich Zschokke, whose numerous and well-known writings have excited so much sympathy and admiration in Germany as well as Switzerland. His Swiss History has been a valuable book for the people of Switzerland; and his Autobiography proves how much interest he took, and how various, active, and useful were the parts he played at various times on the political arena. At present he lives in retirement at this villa, built with the receipts of his writings. In having attained through literature the means for such outlay, he does indeed stand alone among the greater number of German authors; but Zschokke's works are not of an ordinary kind, and some of them have brought him a rich remuneration, as, for example, his 'History of the Bavarian People and their Princes.' He is also now known as the author of the 'Hours of Devotion,' which, from its wide circulation, must considerably have improved his pecuniary circumstances. The tall and dignified old man, whose blue eyes still retain their lively and benevolent expression, received me with friendly hospitality into his family circle. He lives like a patriarch, surrounded by sons and grandsons; and, walking in his garden beneath the shadow of trees planted and reared by himself, he conversed with one of his former active life. Many of his sons are in the service of the State of Aargau; one of them is married to Zschokke's adopted daughter, the father of whom it was whose fate suggested to Zschokke his tale of 'Alamontade, the Galley-Slave.' This beautiful young woman, who, with her children, was on a visit at the house of Zschokke during my stay, added not a little to the charm of

the aged patriarch's family circle. From the recent disturbances of Switzerland Zschokke appears to have held himself entirely aloof, being naturally disinclined, at the age of seventy-six, to mingle again with the wild discord and fierce strife of political parties. His deep enthusiasm for the cause of the people, for which he formerly made such active exertions, remains unchanged; yet many of the warmest desires of modern times may excite in him no responsive emotion, and even in that for which he formerly laboured so assiduously he now works only in words, whose influence is incapable of producing much effect on the rapid course of political affairs. From this villa the old statesman, author, teacher, and reformer, looks far out over the blooming valley of the Aar, stretching out before him like a garden; and little it is to be wondered at if he desires no change, living in peaceful enjoyment amid these lovely scenes, surrounded and blessed by his large and happy family, and seeing the canton of which he is a citizen prosperous, enlightened, and improving, and his own house the point of attraction for many a passing traveller, coming to offer his tribute of admiring veneration."

It is, however, said that the funds to build this house were not obtained by authorship; but were the arrears of a debt owing to him for public services to the Helvetic republic, and unexpectedly paid just before its dissolution. Literary fortunes are not easily made anywhere—and least of all in Germany.

Essays and Tales. By John Sterling. Collected and edited, with a Memoir of his Life, by Julius Charles Hare, M.A. Rector of Hurstmonceux. 2 vols. Parker.

ONE of two things may be reasonably looked for in every biographical memoir—either story or character. The Rev. Mr. Hare—who, in affectionate remembrance, has here prefaced the collected prose miscellanies of the late Mr. John Sterling by a life—has given us neither. The subject did not apparently furnish much incident or anecdote; while grave difficulties stood between the biographer and a psychological development of the opinions and feelings of one whose mind seems to have been perpetually passing through new phases, and resting in none. Holding the views which the Rector of Hurstmonceux has frankly expressed with regard to liberal inquiry as applied to theology, he was doubtless convinced that he was doing best for the deceased in touching lightly and cautiously on points which, by any one desiring to grasp a character for the purpose of presenting it to others, required to be brought out in the most distinct relief. But we are no less convinced of his mistake. When a subject claims reserves, managements—here shadings-off of sharp outlines, there avoidance of perplexed passages,—it becomes a question how far it was wise to treat it at all. In his scrupulous care for those who are not given to doubt, Mr. Hare has overlooked the doubter.

The subject of this memoir was, perhaps, one of the last among men who ought to be grudging an iota of fair construction or close examination,—since his life, be its mistakes ever so many, can hardly be misread as an existence trifled away in indifferent ease. It may have been misapplied in profitless exercises; but their energy claims respect and their sincerity a historical record. To imagine that by withholding or mitigating these unsettled minds are to be retained within prescribed limits or timid ones arrested from straying, is to act upon one of those feeble fancies the indulgence of which is likely to do as much harm as good. We are bound to say thus much on his behalf,—perceiving, nevertheless, that conscience left Mr. Hare small freedom of choice as to his manner of treatment. Mr. Sterling was one of those from whom great things were expected, and this not by small persons. He was distinguished at college

by eloquence, ingenuity and taste, if not by very recondite learning. He was early talked of in the select literary circles as one likely to distinguish himself. This was, however, not to be. A delicacy of constitution which rendered perpetual changes of residence inevitable—and, yet more, unexpected developments or alterations in his opinions, which led him from active ministrations in the Church of England to that debatable land where rationalism passes over into scepticism—operated unfavourably on his literary undertakings. Of these Mr. Hare has given us an overflowing measure:—but far more interesting would have been an out-spoken and progressive history of a mind. As it is, without the assistance of such private lights, guide-posts, and other signals, as are not to be commanded by the general reader, we should have hardly made out this fragmentary sketch; and leave it without any very precise idea what the biographer intends that we should excuse or what condemn.

Following Mr. Hare's memoir comes—as we have said—a liberal selection from, if not the whole of, Mr. Sterling's prose compositions. Originally, these were chiefly contributed to the *Athenæum* in its early day—to *Blackwood's Magazine*—and to the *Westminster Review*. They consist of apologies, sketches, tales, and criticism. It is not easy to give our judgment on these remains without more or less being implied than is meant to be conveyed. In every sense of the word, they attest themselves as the products of an incomplete mind. In the imaginative pieces the writer's fancy spurns the common ground—nay, clears the underwood (to continue the metaphor) with an elasticity which seems to promise a discoverer's strength of wing; yet nowhere does he show himself equal to a sustained flight—nowhere soar high though his efforts be always upward. His critical faculties, again, are at once acute and obscured. He apprehends clearly and combines ingeniously; but so refines, overloads his periods, and qualifies his judgments, that we question whether any reader unfamiliar with the writings of Montaigne, Carlyle, or Tennyson would from the elaborate essays here reprinted derive anything like a distinct idea of the works of Frenchman, Scot, or the provoking author of 'The Princess.' Old things and new are throughout mingled with a genius (for Mr. Sterling's was more than cleverness) which tantalizes as much by what it gives as by what it withholds. Nothing seems vigorously grasped—clearly made out—painted (as the Academicians might phrase it) in *clean colours*. We have the reflections of many thoughtful and brilliant and feeling minds, rather than original inspirations; but the compound does not produce as much effect as one self-consistent thing would do made up of less precious material, neither flawed, nor streaked, nor clouded. Finally, it is impossible that a thinker should go through these volumes without interest,—albeit his gains be not magnificent. With regard to the general reader we can by no means speak so encouragingly.

The Birds of Jamaica. By Philip Henry Gosse. Van Voorst.

It must be pleasant to the naturalist learned in hard names and familiar with the stuffed skins of animals to withdraw for a few hours from his books of nomenclature and his museum and take a peep at living nature; to breathe the pure air of a summer morning, to see the thousand forms of herbs and trees, to listen to the joyful songs of insects and of birds, and watch the habits of living beings so wondrously various and yet so constant to the great ends of their creation. We must confess that we have but little sympathy with those mathe-

matical cultivators of natural science who if you present them with a beautiful flower begin to count the number of its stamens, and who think the study of nature is completed when they have put into barbarous Latin the description of some new object. We make no doubt that these Latin descriptions are very useful, and that they form important records of facts which will be made subservient to generalizations of the highest possible interest at a future time. In the mean time, Nature is as beautiful and yields as many charms to her simple and sincere admirers at the present moment as she will to her more scientific ones a thousand years hence. It needs not a knowledge of Latin names to admire the forms, the peculiarities of structure, or the adaptations, of either plants or animals: and talk in good plain Saxon, and we would pledge our word to any naturalist for a group of attentive hearers in every village of the kingdom. Divest your converse about birds, beasts, fishes, and flowers of the technicalities of science, and there are few minds that are not inwardly formed to admire the outward beauty.

It is for these reasons that we hail a book like this by Mr. Gosse. He comes to us from Jamaica, not with chests loaded with dried skins and note-books filled with drier words, but with simple statements of living nature as she presented herself to him in the tropical isle of Jamaica. How vainly might we try to conceive of the nature of a district from the formal accounts of plants and animals that we get from most of our men of science;—but with Mr. Gosse's volume in our hands we have seemed to live in the forests of Jamaica. We have been to the Bluefields Ridge, and enjoyed the refreshing coolness of its forest shades; have almost realized its hoary figs and cotton trees clothed with fantastic parasites, the begonias with their waxen flowers, orchids with matted roots and grotesque blossoms depending from every bough,—whilst long lianes stretch from tree to tree, and hang their stems like the cordage of a ship over the tree-ferns and towering palms with which these forests abound. Amidst this solemn and subdued scenery we have listened with our author to the "long-drawn, measured notes, most richly sweet, of the Solitaire, itself mysteriously unseen, like the hymn of praise of an angel." Here have we watched the habits of the long-tailed Humming-bird: but on this subject, we must let Mr. Gosse speak for himself.

"The smaller wood consists largely of the plant called Glass-eye berry, a Schrophularious shrub, the blossoms of which, though presenting little beauty in form or hue, are pre-eminently attractive to the Long-tailed Humming-bird. These bushes are at no part of the year out of blossom, the scarlet berries appearing at all seasons on the same stalk as the flowers. And here at any time one may with tolerable certainty calculate on finding these very lovely birds. But it is in March, April, and May that they abound: I suppose I have sometimes seen not fewer than a hundred come successively to rifle the blossoms within the space of half as many yards in the course of a forenoon. They are, however, in no respect gregarious; though three or four may be at one moment hovering round the blossoms of the same bush, there is no association; each is governed by his individual preference, and each attends to his own affairs. It is worthy of remark that males compose by far the greater portion of the individuals observed at this elevation. I do not know why it should be so, but we see very few females there, whereas in the lowlands this sex outnumbers the other. In March, a large number are found to be clad in the livery of the adult male, but without long tail-feathers; others have the characteristic feathers lengthened, but in various degrees. These are, I have no doubt, males of the preceding season. It is also quite common to find one of the long feathers much shorter than the other; which I account for by concluding that the shorter

is replacing one that has been accidentally lost. In their aerial encounters with each other, a tail-feather is sometimes displaced. One day, several of these 'young bloods' being together, a regular tumult ensued, somewhat similar to a *sparrow-fight*:—such twittering, and fluttering, and darts hither and thither! I could not exactly make out the matter, but suspected that it was mainly an attack (surely a most ungallant one, if so) made by these upon two females of the same species, that were sucking at the same bush. These were certainly in the skirmish, but the evolutions were too rapid to be certain how the battle went."

The author describes very minutely the habits of these interesting little birds,—and especially his unsuccessful attempts to domesticate them, in order, if possible, to bring some of them alive to England. It was a long time before he learned to capture them in such a way that they did not perish under the rude pressure to which their delicate frames were submitted. At last, after making a great capture, seven were domesticated.—

"These, however, became quite at home; and I may here observe that there was much difference in the tempers of individuals; some being moody and sulky, others very timid, and others gentle and confiding from the first. I have noticed this in other birds also; Doves, for instance, which manifest individuality of character, perhaps as much as men, if we were competent to appreciate it. My ordinary plan of accustoming them to the room, and teaching them to feed, was very simple. On opening the basket in which one or more newly-caught Humming-birds were brought home, they would fly out, and commonly soar to the ceiling, rarely seeking the window; there for awhile, or against the walls, as above mentioned, they would flutter, not beating themselves, but hanging on rapidly vibrating wings, lightly touching the plaster with the beak or breast every second, and then slightly rebounding. By keeping a strict watch on them while so occupied, we could observe when they became exhausted, and sunk rapidly down to alight; commonly, they would then suffer themselves to be raised, by passing the finger under the breast, to which they would apply their little feet. Having thus raised one on my finger, and taken a little sugar into my mouth, I inserted its beak between my lips. Sometimes it would at once begin to suck eagerly; but at other times it was needful to invite it thus many times, before it would notice the sugar: by persevering, however, they commonly learned. And when one had once fed from the mouth it was always ready to suck afterwards, and frequently, as above narrated, voluntarily sought my lips. Having given one his first lesson, I gently presented him to the line, and drawing my finger from under him, he would commonly take to it, but if not, the proceeding had to be repeated: and even when perched, the repetition of the feeding and placing on the line was needful to induce the habit. If the bird's temper were kindly, it soon began to perch on the line of its own accord; when I ceased to feed it from my lips, presenting to it, instead, the glass of syrup. After it had sucked thus a time or two, it found it as it stood at the edge of a table; and I considered it domesticated. Its time was now spent in incessant short flights about the room, alternating with momentary rests on the line; often darting to another on the wing, when the most rapid and beautiful evolutions would take place, in which the long tail-feathers whisked about in a singular manner. I believe these recontres were all amicable, for they never appear to come into actual contact, nor to suffer any inconvenience from them. After close observation to ascertain the fact, I was fully convinced that the object of their incessant sallies on the wing was the capture of minute insects; so minute that they were generally undistinguishable to the human eye. Yet the action of the bird showed that something was pursued and taken, and though from the extreme rapidity of their motions I could not often see the capture, yet several times I did detect the snap of the beak, and once or twice witnessed the taking of some little fly, just large enough to be discerned in the air. Moreover, the flights were sometimes very short; a leap out upon the wing to the distance of a foot or two, and then a return to the perch, just as the true Fly-catchers do; which

indeed the Humming-birds are, to all intents and purposes, and most accomplished ones. I judge that on a low estimate, each captured on the wing at least three insects per minute, and that, with few intervals, incessantly, from dawn to dusk."

Under the names of the Organist, the Musician, and more commonly the Solitaire, a bird is known to naturalists which is remarkable for the beautiful solemnity of its notes. Mr. Gosse found this bird inhabiting the forests of the lofty ridges of the Bluefields Mountains. Its notes are drawn out, and are peculiarly rich and mellow, so as to give to its song the character of sacred music. To hear it, however, it must be sought.—

"But it is at early day,—when the dew lies so heavily on the broad-leaved cocoes of the provision grounds, that from every leaf you might collect a gill of sparkling water; while the mosses and ground-ferns are moist as a saturated sponge; before the sun has peeped over the distant mountain-peaks, and before the light has struggled into the gloomy forest on either side;—it is at early day, that if we traverse some narrow rocky bridle-path that winds around the hill sides, choked up with jointer and glass-eye berry, and overhung by towering Santa Marias, cabbage-palms, and tree-ferns, we become familiar with this interesting bird. The voices of many are then heard saluting the opening day, some near at hand, some scarce audible in the distance; and as all do not pipe in the same key, we sometimes hear beautiful and startling chords produced. Although there is a richness in the tones, which the human voice in whistling can by no means attain, yet the birds will frequently respond to an imitation of their call. Now and then we may obtain a sight of one, or a pair, as they seem generally in pairs, sitting, with a melancholy absorbed air, on some low tree a little way within the forest, manifesting little alarm or curiosity."

The Mocking-bird, whose peculiar powers of imitation have suggested the name, has often been described by previous observers. It abounds in Jamaica. Although this bird is often branded as a plagiarist and, because it copies so extensively, regarded as incapable of original composition, it nevertheless has notes of its own, which it pours forth at night, more varied and less melancholy than those of our own night-ingale. The mocking-bird is very courageous.

"When young are in possession, their presence is no secret; for an unpleasant sound, half hissing, half whistling, is all day long issuing from their unfledged throats; delightful efforts, I dare say, to the fond parents. At this time the old birds are watchful and courageous. If an intruding boy or naturalist approaches their family, they hop from twig to twig, looking on with outstretched neck, in mute but evident solicitude; but any winged visitant, though ever so unconscious of evil intent, and though ever so large, is driven away with fearless pertinacity. The sneaky Ani and Tinkling instantly yield the sacred neighbourhood, the brave Mocking-bird pursuing a group of three or four, even to several hundred yards' distance; and even the John-crow, if he sail near the tree, is instantly attacked and driven from the scene. But the hogs are the creatures that give him the most annoyance. They are ordinarily fed upon the inferior oranges, the fruit being shaken down to them in the evenings; hence they acquire the habit of resorting to the orange-trees, to wait for a lucky wind-fall. The Mocking-bird feeling nettled at the intrusion, flies down and begins to peck the hog with all his might:—Piggy, not understanding the matter, but pleased with the titillation, gently lies down and turns up his broad side to enjoy it; the poor bird gets into an agony of distress, pecks and pecks again; but only increases the enjoyment of the luxurious intruder, and is at last compelled to give up the effort in despair."

In the midst of these pleasant scenes and anecdotes of the birds of Jamaica we are occasionally reminded of the perils to which the devoted lover of nature is exposed in lands less favoured than our own. An English lad may pursue the amusement of birds-nesting without much

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fear of the consequences. It is occasionally different in Jamaica.—

"The large earthy nests accumulated by the ducks (*Termites*) around the trunk or branches of trees, frequently afford the Parroquet a fit situation for her own domestic economy. Though easily cut by her strong beak, the thin arches and galleries of these insects are of sufficiently firm consistence to constitute a secure and strong abode. In the cavity formed by her own industry she lays four or five eggs, upon the chips and dust. But the precaution of the poor bird in selecting a locality, and her perseverance in burrowing into so solid a structure, are not sufficient to insure her safety or that of her young. The aperture by which she herself enters and departs affords also a ready entrance to a subtle and voracious enemy, the Yellow Boa. A young friend of mine once observing a Parroquet enter into a hole in a large duck-ant's nest, situated on a bastard-cedar, mounted to take her eggs or young. Arrived at the place, he cautiously inserted his hand, which presently came into contact with something smooth and soft. He guessed it might be the callow young, but hesitating to trust it, he descended, and proceeded to cut a stick, keeping his eye on the orifice, from which the old bird had not yet flown. Having again mounted, he thrust in the stick and forced off the whole upper part of the structure, disclosing, to his utter discomfiture and terror, an enormous Yellow Snake, about whose jaws the feathers of the swallowed Parroquet were still adhering, while more of her plumage scattered in the nest revealed her unhappy fate. The serpent instantly darted down the tree, and the astonished youth, certainly not less terrified, also descended with precipitation, and ran, as if for life, from the scene."

From the extracts our readers will see that Mr. Gosse's book is written in an interesting and unpretending manner; and that the untutored in scientific distinctions need not doubt being able to comprehend its contents. At the same time, Mr. Gosse is evidently an accurate observer; and his facts are not less important to the man of science than interesting to the general reader.

Journal of Dramatic Art and Literature—
[*Jahrbücher für Dramatische, &c.*] Edited
by Dr. Rötischer. Franz Thimm.

Two parts of a new and interesting publication are here before us, which strikingly display the contrast between the state of dramatic literature in Germany and its condition in England and in France. A Review of such pretensions could not exist in either of the latter countries; there would be no reading public for it. Our dramatic literature is the richest in the world—and our pride in it is great. We regard it as a national trophy. But how many subscribers would there be amongst us to a serious Review solely occupied with discussing the principles of dramatic art and criticizing modern productions? In France, of all hopeless literary speculations that perhaps would be the worst. In Germany, it seems likely to turn out well.

Something of this difference may, doubtless, be owing to the inordinate appetite for printed paper which distinguishes the Teutonic race; since, as it is notorious that Germans write, and write profusely, on every possible subject—never dismayed by any remoteness from the great interests of life, never daunted by difficulty, obscurity, or uselessness,—it may be presumed that there are readers for what is written. Everybody seems to find time to read everything—nay more, to write upon it. Journals, it is presumable, do not continue, number after number, upon an imaginary subscription; their readers are not confined to the writers. There must, consequently, be a public of some sort. How comes it, then, that a public can be found so interested in philosophical and critical discussions on dramatic art, that a Review solely devoted to the subject can find that support which

would assuredly fail it among ourselves? If a German were asked this question, he would probably answer:—In England and France the drama is a mere amusement; the people not being endowed with that philosophical sense which makes the German meditate deeply on all things, even amusements, no interest is felt in the drama beyond the passing relaxation of an hour. And, having settled the matter thus to his satisfaction, he would reflect complacently on the high degree of culture which distinguishes his country, and on its earnest appreciation of literature for its own sake.

If we look a little closer into the condition of Germany, we shall perhaps see reason to doubt the truth of this self-flattering explanation. The mass of people there, as elsewhere, care little for the theatre beyond its amusement. They are untroubled by any misgivings as to the moral or philosophical direction of the stage. They care nothing about Art—a great deal about excitement. Ideal beauty touches them not—but Scribe's *vaudevilles* or Soulié's *dramas* send them delighted to their homes. Amidst the mass there, as elsewhere, are thoughtful men—men of culture, men of taste, men anxious to raise the general standard, and to whom the higher aims and tendencies of Art are serious objects, needing watchful guidance and criticism. These men are more numerous in Germany than in England, partly because Germany is a land of universities, consequently literature has more votaries and is looked upon as more important than in England; but still more because, speaking one language, there are several nations included in Germany, and these nations have each their capital where the drama is cultivated with national pride. France is also a land of universities,—but France is one nation. No Molière starts up in Lyons or Bordeaux; no Racine makes the public of Tours suddenly proud of its son; no Victor Hugo startles the propriety and prejudices of, or raises a standard of revolt in, Marseilles. To Paris every poet trudges—in Paris he must be crowned. Paris is France. So with ourselves.—Manchester does not foster its Shakespeares; Liverpool has no Ben Jonson to boast of; Dublin does not glory in a Massinger; nor Edinburgh rejoice in a Sheridan. To London all come. Poets are born and reared in the provinces,—but they win their spurs in the capital. Fanny Sheridan Knowles living at Bath and producing his 'Virginius' there to three persons in the pit!

But in Germany instead of one theatre—or one capital—there are a dozen. In Stuttgart a poet has as good a field as in Berlin or Vienna; in Munich a man appeals to his fellow-citizens, without having to journey to Dresden to get his play acted; in Breslau there is hope—in Hamburg splendid harvest. Even in murky Königsberg the dramatist can venture the first representation of his work with due confidence. In all these towns there are theatres, actors, public, and critics. Each theatre is a separate school of Art. Success in one place secures performance in all others; and so from his native town the dramatist can appeal to all Germany. The influence of such a state of things would be immense if the Germans were a dramatic people. But they are not:—and even this favourable condition will not make them so. It makes them, however, more interested in dramatic literature:—and, consequently, able to support such periodicals as the one now before us. In each of these towns there is, as we have said, a dramatic public; and amongst that public a few to whom a serious journal like Dr. Rötischer's will be deeply interesting. Wherever there is a theatre actively supported, there will of course be a quantity of criticism; and by a natural pro-

cess this criticism will assume a scientific aspect among scientific men. Compare an evening's conversation at Glasgow (a university town) with one at Dresden, and estimate the comparative amount of dramatic interest exhibited;—and it will then be understood why Reviews of dramatic art can never hope to succeed in England as they succeed in Germany.

We are to look on Dr. Rötischer's '*Jahrbücher*,' then, as a work of high pretension—not as a hopeless speculation. To the English reader it is curious as an indication of the state of German dramatic art; and to the not very limited class who regard the Drama as something more than a mere pastime it will have an interest of another sort. It pretends to nothing less than the advancement of the dramatic art through the promulgation of those principles upon which the art depends, and which the poet must distinctly and consciously apprehend. The great question of criticism—whether the poet should work instinctively or consciously, spontaneously or critically—Dr. Rötischer boldly meets at the outset by declaring that the poet of the present age *must* be critical. The infancy of Art has passed away. The age of *naïve* feelings, sentiments and spontaneous imagination is no more. We have lost the intensity of feeling, the simplicity of faith, which distinguished earlier poets. We have passed into a reflective age—and have become reflective. This is a fact which may be deplored, but cannot, he thinks, be ignored. For our own part, we are disposed very much to doubt it; but it would lead us too far to discuss the question—and so we allow him to have his way. The fact accepted, then,—Dr. Rötischer's conclusion from it is indisputable. If we have lost that spontaneity and faith which belonged to earlier poets—if we must be critical—it is of the utmost importance that we should be sound critics. No half measures—no compromises. If such be the nature of our age, let its strength be evolved;—let criticism give us its best fruits. The poet, he says, who, having lost the intensity of feeling which belonged to past ages, does not fulfil the critical exigencies of his own, must surely fail. The great object should be so to raise the critical consciousness of the poet that, instead of hampering him as it now does, it should be to him a strength.

How this is to come to pass is not apparent. Whatever we may think of the general proposition, we confess candidly that we see no chance of its being demonstrated in Dr. Rötischer's Review, nor by any process of philosophical criticism now current in Germany. In spite of their critical tendencies, the Germans are not good critics. A vicious method vitiates their best endeavours. We do not, of course, allude to such men as Winckelmann, Lessing, or Schlegel; they pursued a course quite opposite. But speaking generally—and the exceptions are very rare—the Germans in their psychological boring for first principles always lose sight of the *object* in the *subject* (to speak their own language), *i.e.*—instead of considering a drama as a work of Art, having certain definite conditions whereby to accomplish certain definite aims, they look on it as an illustration of some branch of metaphysics. Perhaps the reader has already heard of Arnim's exquisite characteristic of the German mind as distinguished from that of the Frenchman and the Englishman—but it is good enough for repetition. He supposes an account of the camel to be the thing desired. The Frenchman goes to the *Jardin des Plantes*—takes a rapid survey of the animal—and forthwith writes a brilliant description. The Englishman silently goes away into the far East, there to study the animal in its own country—there to learn its nature and habits. The German locks himself up in his study; where, buried in

thought, he endeavours "to construe the idea of the camel out of the depths of his moral consciousness."

Now, this the German critic is always doing. He is not the man to measure the height of the Pyramid by its shadows: he would measure it according to the *Idea* of a pyramid. He is not the man to trace the workings of passion in a Lear's wandering mind: all he sees in Lear is "the social idea (*soziale Idee*) of the family,"—there presented in a somewhat deplorable condition, and thus tragically affecting. He seems to suppose that because a philosophical mind can find *illustrations* in a work of Art, therefore the work of Art must have been composed upon philosophical principles; just in the same way as modern archaeologists discovering geometrical proportions in the construction of the pyramids, have maintained, contrary to all evidence, that the Egyptians were conversant with the science of geometry. But Art is one thing, Philosophy another. They are the products of different faculties, appeal to different faculties, have different aims, and must be judged upon different principles.

So long as the critics endeavour to make the poet a philosopher, and art philosophy, there will be little hope of German criticism. How did Schiller hamper himself with Kantism, and curb the fine impulses of his genius with fruitless efforts at reconciling two essentially distinct things!—and how wide the difference between the poetical-philosophical Goethe and the philosophically-poetical author of Wallenstein!

The editor of this new work, Dr. Röscher, is already known as the author of several philosophical works on the Drama; in which, amidst many profound remarks, he circulates the *πρωτον ψευδος*—the one fundamental error of German criticism—which vitiates all his efforts. But he is not a writer to be treated with disrespect. Whatever differences we may have with him on fundamental questions, we are bound to acknowledge his remarkable powers, his conscientiousness, his knowledge, and the generally suggestive nature of his writings. A better editor could not easily have been found:—and from the specimens before us we are disposed to augur favourably of the new periodical, and to recommend it to the attention of such of our readers as may be interested in dramatic criticism.

Italy, Past and Present. By L. Mariotti.

[Second Notice.]

We promised to return to Signor Mariotti's book, for some insight into the "rights and duties" of Women and Priests in Italy. With regard to the former very delicate subject our author seems more than ordinarily touchy. Female virtue in Italy, he assures us, has been too mercilessly maligned;—but by what class of maligners? By French and English journalists and novel-writers who probably never crossed the Alps. The *donne* of his country, he insists, have suffered cruel wrong from flippant paragraph-mongers, and from unprincipled traders in Fiction, who have written after the fashion of the traveller when he asserted that "all the men of Alsace were landlords and all the women red-haired." It is true that we have had too much of the stock figure in our literature; but this has been only in the works of our stock literary manufacturers. Our generous and noble spirits—those who have *really* spoken to Europe, and not to the readers of the Minerva Press—have recoiled from such wholesale exaggeration and distortion. Witness the noble justice done to the *Jewess* (a much less popular person than the kinswomen of *Desdemona*, *Juliet*, *Portia*) by our Scott and Edgeworth. But by what law of patent-right dare Signor

Mariotti complain of the assaults of trashy novelists and random journalists, when we can cite to him Italian writers of far higher pretension who, while trying to make out a case for their *donne*, commit against others the gratuitous offence which he so justly reprobates? Let us turn to his own chapter on Countess Anna Pepoli's book on female education for our illustration.—

"Before she leaves school, a Yankee girl—God bless her!—has a thorough knowledge of the world. Else what were the good of the million of novels she feasts upon? Her look is proud and daring; her step firm and secure. Modesty she scorns as want of sincerity and frankness; delicacy she spurns as lack of proper spirit and independence. With the exception of a few luckless words, excluded from the English dictionary by an over-nice notion of prudery—for a list of them *vide* Sam Slick—there is hardly a subject of conversation she would dream of rebuking or discountenancing. By this early training is she fitted for every department of public life: ready to enter the lists as an orator, an agitator, a journalist. The wide world is the stage she acts on. The drudgery of housekeeping devolves on the mercenary landlady of a Broadway boarding-house. Man fags himself into a dyspepsia at his counter: woman reads, flirts, and gives herself airs in all the luxuries of a hired drawing-room. So much for Eve's share of the common lot of mortals. In presence of her betrothed or husband, she launches forth in the most transcendent expressions of admiration of the eagle eyes or bushy whiskers of her outlandish visitor; no matter if she be overheard by the very object of her enthusiastic rhapsodies. Her husband bargained for her hand and person; but her fancy is free as the air she breathes. Secure in her tangible virtue, she courts temptation for the sake of its bracing effects. She is a coquette upon principle, and indulges in wanton, but unmeaning flirtations, merely to test the endurance of the man of her choice. With this view she draws the period of her betrothment to a prodigious length—that being the zenith of a social ascendancy, with which maternal duties may, in spite of herself, interfere in after-life."

We cannot remember anything, in the form of a character, much more sweeping or invidious than the above. There are many passages in a like humour regarding our "genteel establishments at Clapham Common or Turnham Green,"—declaring that the Englishwoman's "scornful loathing of vice arises from an intimate knowledge of its hideousness" (!)—and showing-up the Hackney and Camberwell merchant's wife, who remains chaste because no *Lotharios* buzz round her;—her playfellows being, instead, "dull, sleepy partners, and brokers talking of nothing but consols and railway shares." And all these indisputable assertions are sarcastically assembled by way of foil to his favourite figure. In spite, however, of our author's ingenious and careful presentment of the bitter fruits of experience (since the high tone of condemnation taken by him precludes our fancying it possible that Signor Mariotti may write, like "the rest of us," on hearsay or assumption), we conceive that the Italian Lady is left by her champion pretty much where he found her. Let our readers draw their own conclusions.—

"The Italian, it is evident, deals not with woman as a free rational being. Some of the old Pagan and Mahometan doubts respecting the immateriality of her soul may, possibly, still be lurking among the denizens of that classical land. A damsel so imprisoned must be hardly prepared for the duties of a bride and matron's life; she must labour under a vague longing for that career of display and conquest, of coquetry and popularity, from which she was debarred in the proper season; she must find herself besieged with vain apprehensions, and also encompassed with real dangers, which a previous initiation into the world and its ways might gradually have enabled her to steer through with perfect safety. In short, as a helpmate in the general sense of the word, the Italian bride will be found sadly deficient. Her worldly education begins on her wedding-day,

and devolves altogether on her husband; but as a fond, faithful companion, brought up so primarily as she is, and created with deep, inexhaustible treasures of affection, if she does not transcend her husband's most sanguine expectations, he alone is to blame. • • • Unfortunately the Italians are said to make the best lovers, but the most indifferent husbands. An Italian is jealous as long as he loves. His disposition is selfish and exclusive. It must absorb all the faculties of the woman he sets his heart upon. He will shoot her favourite sparrow on her wedding-day. He is a self-tormenting domestic tyrant, whom nothing short of a desert island could free from anxiety. • • • What is elsewhere only called a dutiful wife, is, in Italy, a heroine; and it is because we firmly believe that the number of these heroines is great, far greater than foreign travellers are willing to acknowledge, greater even than the vain-talking Italians themselves seem inclined to suppose—that we have faith in them all; that we deem them far above their reputation, far above the condition of a country in which all social order has so long been rapidly verging into utter dissolution. Against these dreaded agents of evil, an Italian woman has the shield of her religious and moral principles, the constant watchfulness of her husband and all around her, and the hundred-eyed vigilance of public scandal. • • • But, were it even possible for an Italian woman to emancipate herself from God and her spiritual director, she would be restrained by other more material terrors. The jealousy of her husband survives his love; around the lady are a crowd of his allies—his mother, his sisters, a host of rigid dowagers and sour-tempered spinsters, belonging to his family, and warmly attached to his interests, who, on the first systems of estrangement, range themselves into a formidable array on his side, and volunteer their services as an active and sleepless domestic police. Finally, it can only be a hopelessly abandoned woman who will brave the meddling, gossiping spirit prevailing in those petty Italian communities. The levities of an English commoner's wife, lost among the crowds of busy cities, may amount to the utmost profligacy; they attract public attention. Likewise a gentle flirtation at a German Spa, or southern watering-place, is not likely to tell against the character of a wandering peeress on her return. But an Italian lady is acting all her life on the same stage and before the same audience; before a coterie of *male lingue*, always willing to comment on any momentary imprudence, and bring it forward! as an argument in support of their disbelief in female virtue; never so happy as when they can exult over an angel's fall. • • • An Italian woman is then a creature of passion, and, as such, equally susceptible of being led to the extremes of good and evil."

We do not see how Signor Mariotti has amended the more concise character written by Lord Byron, when, being pressed by Mr. Murray to give him a volume on "manners," &c. in Italy, he replied as follows:—

"The conventual education, the cavalier servitude, the habits of thought and living are so entirely different, and the difference becomes so much more striking the more you intimately know them, that I know not how to make you comprehend a people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their characters and buffoons in their amusements, capable of impressions and passions which are at once sudden and durable (what you find in no other nation), and who actually have no society—what we would call so—as you may see by their comedies. They have no comedy, not even in Goldoni, because they have no society to draw from."—*Byron's Life*, Letter No. 357.

But we will let Signor Mariotti add another word or two on this important matter.—

"An Italian woman is not venal or interested. At least she never has a hand in her marriage-bargain, widow-jointure, or separate maintenance. She never holds her husband's purse. The value of gold forms no part of her scanty arithmetic. The very *millionnaire* singer or dancer is notorious for lavish improvidence. A woman in Italy, by taste an artist, is never a showy, exaggerate dresser. Conscious, perhaps, of the pale, delicate style of her beauty, she enhances its charms by the unaffected chasteness

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of her homely attire. Whatever may be said of the 'painted courtesans' at Rome, a well-bred Italian seldom rouges. That native mixture of orange and olive—properly yellow and green—by which nature characterized the bilious south, is, perhaps from necessity, worshipped in Italy under the fashionable appellation of *pattina sentimentale*. As she is not a high dresser, so neither is an Italian a low dresser. Since Dante's rebuke of his townswomen, bare necks and shoulders are decidedly *mauvais ton*. All charms below the chin must remain a matter of faith with her lover, till they are definitely adjudged to him for better or worse. On the discovery of her first wrinkle, an Italian belle withdraws from the scene of action. Plain sables, a nun-like habiliment, is alone befitting an old woman. A ghastly old hag, a breathing mummy, in all the gaudy paraphernalia of the last puppet of France, never haunts or saddens an Italian salon—no! not even 'for the sake of employing needy milliners, or encouraging trade.' A woman in Italy has an oyster-like fondness for home: she is the worst traveller on earth. She may not, perhaps, point to her Brussels carpets, as the best of her jewels, nor boast of *fire-side* virtues; but she looks with amazement at the crowds of home-loving daughters of Albion, at the swarms of Tomkins, Pumpkins, and Popkins, with caravans of nurses and children, hurrying from town to town, like tribes of gipsies, with the parish beadle at their heels. * * An Italian wife certainly prefers her terrace or balcony to the chimney-corner; a moonlight walk or even an opera-box to a rubber at whist; but she is rooted to her house and country: too indolent, too strongly attached to her climate, her habits, and connexions, to long for the excitement of change.

On peut-on être mieux qu'un sein de sa famille? Her meekness and amiability enable her to live at peace with her mother and sisters-in-law. * * A woman in Italy is seldom a forward character. 'Corinne' is a French creation. An authoress in Italy, or an actress, is a being apart. Female authorship in that country is a kind of anomaly; a sort of moral hermaphrodism. Woman there is trained to shrink from the open air and the public gaze: she is no rider, never in at the death at a fox-hunt; no hand at a whip if her life depended upon it; she never kept a stall at a fancy fair; never took the lead at a debating club; she never addresses a stranger, except, perhaps, behind a mask in carnival; her politics are limited to wearing tri-coloured ribbons, and refusing an Austrian's hand as a partner in walking; she is a dunce, and makes no mystery of it; a coward, and glories in it—at least she keeps her accomplishments for her domestic circle, her moral courage for those rare instances in which affection calls forth the latent energies of her better nature."

And yet it seems to us that we have heard of such Italian women as the *Dottressa* Laura Bassi, who was "trotted out" by the learned men of Bologna for the edification of the pompous Countess of Pomfret—with a "forwardness" something greater than that of our Somervilles and Austins. And though 'Corinne' may have been a French creation, was not the 'Taddei' an Italian reality? Whether the "forwardness" demanded by closet-invention or by public improvisation be the greater, we shall leave to the Bremers, the Reybauds, the Author of 'Two Old Men's Tales,' the Von Paalzows, and a score of quiet undemonstrative gentlewomen to decide. Enough has been said to mark the curious mixture of cleverness and petulance with which our author has handled his subject.

Far more to our taste is Signor Mariotti's chapter on the famous controversial writer of modern Italy. But it is probably the portion of his book which will be found the least pleasing to his anti-Jesuit readers. When we speak of the controversialist *par excellence* we allude, of course, to Signor Gioberti; whom our author thus introduces.—

"It may now be fifteen or sixteen years since a young priest was crossing the Alps, in quest of freedom. He was a Piedmontese by birth, a priest by trade, by choice a thinker. In this last capacity he

may, perhaps, have displeased the King, Charles Albert, of Sardinia, one of whose court-chaplains he was, and who thought, perhaps, that his almoner's business was to say mass, and not to trouble his head with philosophical speculations. The young man made himself conspicuous by his talents; consequently obnoxious. The Jesuits traduced him as a liberal: Charles Albert drove him into exile. Such is, or was, in Italy, the way of all genius. The banished philosopher settled at Paris; hence passed over to Brussels. As a teacher, as a writer, he lived on, as exiles will do. A successful and disinterested publisher had faith in him. Gioberti's volumes accumulated: written in Italian for Belgian readers. There must have been something in what he said, for the books travelled far. They crept in, stormed in, crowded in, into Piedmont, into Turin, in the presence of royalty itself. Charles Albert had then drunk Jesuitism to the dregs—he was sick of it. He took up, as a cordial, the works of his banished chaplain. His heart relented: he revoked the decree of proscription. He stretched forth his hand: offered to let him in: asked him: tendered his patronage and a pension if he would only come in. In vain! Gioberti had tasted of independence; and what royal bounty can be palatable after it? Besides, he had more to say; something, may be, that might grate in his majesty's ears. He remained inexorable, and we thank Heaven for it. No man can be a court-almoner and a prophet at once."

The works thus produced were politico-economical and philosophical;—profoundly tedious, as it appeared, to Cisalpine readers, yet containing a *kernel* of vital truth from whence influence was sure to ramify among those taking a closer interest in their subjects. The writer, too, by recent events has been proved a prophet,—"not despairing" (to quote Signor Mariotti) "of the papacy at an epoch in which the infatuation of a wrathful old priest filled the measure of the long-cherished abomination of mankind for Rome." But of late Gioberti has taken much higher flights. The change in his attitude, which has recently given to him such a wide popularity as, unhappily, only awaits the polemic writer, is thus registered by Signor Mariotti.—

"The work of Gioberti created the strangest sensation at the time of its publication. The powers then in existence received the author's advances with coldness and mistrust. Pope, princes and priests fancied they could see through the shallow artifice. 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes,' was their motto. Gioberti, though a priest, was a patriot. His affection of piety and loyalty could only conceal treasonable designs. During the pontificate of Gregory XVI. his works were proscribed at Rome. The author was a philosopher and said no mass—and so far might be looked upon as an apostate priest. The Italian people, nevertheless, pronounced a more favourable sentence. The 'Primato' was introduced into Italy by all open and clandestine means. It was laid on many a parson's desk by the side of the breviary. The Court of Sardinia (then at variance with Austria on some unimportant commercial matters) deemed it expedient to countenance its views. The lay clergy were gradually won over to them; and after the accession of Pope Pius IX. it became a text book with the monastic orders likewise. The Jesuits alone remained inflexible. The author of the 'Primato' had evinced no animosity against them. An enthusiastic admirer of their great founder, he looked upon them as the most active and faithful militia in the Catholic host. Like the rest of the priesthood, they only needed opportune reforms to fit them to become main instruments in the work of Italian redemption. The Jesuits spurned his friendly offer. Two of them, Father Pellico, from Turin, and Father Curci, from Naples, attacked him with intemperate virulence. Hence was there war of extermination between the parties. The abolition of the order had become indispensable to the welfare of Italy and Christianity. The development of this new fact has given birth to two works, which may be looked upon as a mere continuation of the 'Primato.' The *Prolegomeni* are, indeed, merely a long introduction to the two original volumes; and the *Gesuita*

Moderno contains, besides a refutation of the abusive arguments of his two adversaries, a recapitulation and reproduction of the author's views on the future destinies of his country. There is something deplorably mean and revolting in the polemic part of the author's performance. From the very first appearance of his writings, we were offended by that egotism which engaged him into a thousand apologetic phrases regarding both his 'little person' and 'little book,' and his 'sweet reader,' till we thought the whole work was to be made up of 'Scuse' and 'Nuove Scuse dell'autore.' But now the base scurrility of one of his adversaries seems to authorize him to a corresponding departure from the commonest rules of dignity and decorum. Five hundred and thirteen pages in the Preface to the 'Modern Jesuit' are consecrated to the furtherance of this ignoble warfare. We have thrown down the book in utter disgust,

Chè il voler ciò udire è bassa voglia;

wondering how it ever could be that a man gifted with so superior a judgment, at the greatest height of his popularity, too, could stoop to resent the insults of such worthless assailers, and aspire to the poor glory of meeting them on their own ground and fighting them with their own weapons—slander and contumely. The very highest merits in a work ushered in by such a Proemium would be lost upon us. The religion of the author could never allow us to forget his questionable charity, and the strength of his arguments would never inspire us with any confidence in the calmness of his reason. So much for his 'Discorso Preliminare.'"

The 'Gesuita Moderno' was sold by thousands on its publication—as its author has been heard to say—merely on "the faith of its title." It were to expect too much of such a work that it should be fair. But this is neither the time nor the place to point out where the wrath ends and the justice begins. We will, therefore, content ourselves with drawing further on Signor Mariotti for a couple of passages which will sufficiently indicate his own line of comment on a subject "harassed" with contradictions and difficulties.—

"In the first place, then, we cannot admit that the Jesuits are as essentially different from other religious orders as their implacable antagonist contends. Every monastic institution is a 'state within a state,' something foreign, if not actually hostile, to the interests of the community it nominally belongs to. Every one looks upon its advantages as of paramount importance to those of the outward world. There is the cause of Heaven, before which all temporal considerations must give way. The advancement of St. Francis, St. Dominic, is as much the object, with their respective disciples, as the ascendancy of St. Ignatius with the inmates of the *Gesù*. These latter have marched to their goal with greater energy and consistency, nay, also with greater audacity and subtlety: consequently, their success has been more rapid and uniform. The main difference between them and some of their rival communities consists in their greater fitness for the times in which they sprang up. Every order had its own age, and the Jesuits are the monks of Modern Life. The Benedictines were the monks of Feudalism; the Franciscans the monks of democratic misrule; the Jesuits are the monks of unmitigated despotism. Much of the odium inseparable from the latter-named form of government justly devolves upon the dark intriguers who are looked upon as its most active instrument and support. Had the Jesuits never been established, there would have been no lack of friars of other colours to volunteer their co-operation to tyranny. But the Company of Jesus arose with European absolutism, at the close of the last struggles of feudalism and democracy, in the sixteenth century. They were adopted by it as something newer and fresher, and from the very partiality shown to them by the despotic ruler arose the hatred and jealousy of all other fraternities, no less than the mistrust and execration of the suffering multitude. For the rest, every order of monks invariably developed Jesuitical tendencies. * * We look upon the portentous sum of atrocious charges brought against the Jesuits by Gioberti as a work of supererogation. Bad as the Company were, they had no strength, no existence of their own. They

RETROSPECTION.

That Time is dead for ever, child,
Gone, frozen, dead for ever.—*Shelley.*

Her hues of youthful life divine
Are turned to ashy pale;
For she is dead—that May of mine;
Yet let me lift the veil!

Not as with open eyes she smiled,
And breathed her balmy breath;—
Still must her look be sweet and mild;
I'll see my May in death!

No, nevermore! her look is strange—
You would not see your May;
Nor could you bear to trace the change,—
Your eyes would turn away.

Your heart would die at death's disgrace
Upon her mouth and brow:
Ah! leave the shroud across her face,—
You would not know it now.

M. R.

CHLOROFORM AS AN ANÆSTHETIC AGENT.

It is principally through the functions performed by the nervous system that the animal kingdom is distinguished from the surrounding objects in nature. By means of this system the animal becomes conscious of external objects and is directed to the supply of its wants. It is through the exquisitely delicate organization of his nerves that man himself is made aware of disease. His first impulse when suffering pain is to escape from it:—hence from the earliest periods in the history of medicine we find great importance attached to the use of those remedies which have the power of subduing the sensitiveness of the nervous system to the causes which produce pain. While this primitive impulse, however, has been acted on to a greater or less extent by the practitioners of the healing art, there have not been wanting those who have supposed that pain exerted a beneficial influence on disease, and ought not to be prevented. But such a theory never gained general support;—as the long list of narcotics in our pharmacopœias will prove. At the same time, there were circumstances of suffering in which these narcotics could not be administered:—and it was not till the recent discovery of the narcotizing effects of the vapour of ether that any agent had been employed which could obviate the necessity of inflicting pain during the performance of surgical operations. The use of what is called mesmerism for the purpose can scarcely be said to be an exception to this statement; because of the unsatisfactory nature of the evidence on which cases of operation without pain under the influence of mesmeric agency rests.

We were amongst the first to hail the discovery of the anæsthetic powers of the vapour of ether; and we pointed out the difference in the nature of the evidence as to the beneficial effects of this agent from that for mesmerism. But scarcely had ether obtained the confidence of nearly the whole medical profession and of the public as a safe remedy for temporarily depriving the nervous system of its sensitive power, ere it was supplanted by a still more powerful agent known to chemists by the name of Chloroform. The discovery of the efficacy of this new agent in the same cases as those in which ether was employed by Dr. Simpson of Edinburgh has been attended with scarcely less excitement and surprise than that of the original discovery of the powers of ether. Whatever could have been urged by way of drawback against ether seemed to be absent in chloroform. Was ether slow in producing its effects?—chloroform was rapid. Did ether require a cumbersome apparatus for its administration?—chloroform might be given on a sponge or a handkerchief. Was ether followed by unpleasant effects on the nervous system, as headache, &c.?—these were found to be comparatively trifling with chloroform. Was ether expensive?—chloroform was cheap. Thus, since the introduction of this substance the use of ether has been scarcely heard of.

In a previous notice of this agent [*Ath.* No. 1048] we stated the nature of its component elements. The most remarkable fact with regard to its composition is that it is extremely unlike ether—so much so that no one from its constituents would have inferred that it had the same action upon the system. Although the process by which it may be obtained is not difficult, such has been the demand for it that

specimens have got into the market which are not free from various impurities that modify its effects to a considerable extent. The compound from which it is best prepared is a mixture of chloride of lime, water and rectified spirit—which being exposed to the action of heat, chloroform is evolved in the form of vapour and may be collected in a receiver. The specific gravity of this substance is much greater than that of ether—and even higher than that of water. It boils at a temperature of 141° Fahrenheit. It is not inflammable, nor easily decomposed by mixture with other chemical agents.

In our report [*ante*, p. 145] of Prof. Brande's Lecture on Chloroform, delivered at the Royal Institution, will be found an account of the principal symptoms induced on its administration. The most remarkable effects of this agent, however, do not consist in the succession of symptoms generated by its action on the human frame, but in the particular parts of the nervous system on which it acts. There are two sets of functions performed by the brain, spinal cord and nerves in the human body. One of these comprises sensation, consciousness, thought and volition,—and includes those functions which are supposed especially to characterize animal life; the other are rather controlled or maintained than performed by the nervous system—and are digestion, circulation, respiration, and so forth. These are called the functions of organic or vegetative life. They cannot be arrested but for a short time without destroying existence. Many narcotic poisons act equally on these two sets of functions; and thus doses large enough to suspend the action of the one destroy the other. In this lies the peculiarity of the action of ether and of chloroform—that long before they affect the functions of organic life they produce an entire suspension of those of animal life. Thus, in the system under the influence of one or the other, not only the functions of the nerves of common sensation are suspended, but those also of the special senses—as sight, smell, hearing and taste, and those of the brain and of the nerves by the agency of which the muscles are moved. The feeling, thinking, suffering animal is dead—but the vital processes on which these functions depend for their activity still continue to perform their proper actions.

An interesting question has arisen as to how long such a state can be safely maintained. The period of safety was at first supposed to be comprehended in a few minutes; but gradually the term has been extended,—and Dr. Simpson relates a case in which he kept a patient under its influence *thirteen hours*. In fact, provided the organic functions are allowed to proceed, it is difficult to say how long an individual might not be kept under the influence of such agents; as we have well authenticated cases of persons whose functions of animal life have been suspended for several days and who yet have been entirely recovered. The space of time, then, for which these agents may be applied with safety is longer than would be required for any surgical operation,—and embraces the utmost period for which it might be desirable to employ them in other cases.

At present, the administration of chloroform is regarded as a means of diminishing pain during operations and painful natural processes; but there is another point of view in which it must be looked at as a remedial agent. Not only do diseases attended with pain destroy life, but pain itself acts in such a way upon the system as to shorten life. The results of operations which have been obtained by Dr. Simpson put this in a clear light. Of 300 operations performed with ether and chloroform, fewer proved fatal than is usual with the same cases without these agents. Of 1,058 cases of amputation of the thigh without an anæsthetic agent, 44 in 100 died: out of 135 cases with ether or chloroform, 33 only died—or 24 in 100. In the statistics of obstetric cases we find that the mortality is just in proportion to the number of hours of suffering. So that there is now abundant evidence to prove that these substances not only relieve from pain, but materially diminish the chances of death in the cases in which they have been used.

It would be in vain, we suppose, to hope that an unmixt good would be introduced into this wicked world without at least some show of opposition. The first opponents of the vapour of ether in operations have since the introduction of chloroform almost entirely disappeared. But whilst chloroform was

winning laurels in fields of application in which ether was hardly thought of, a host of enemies have risen up—not amongst medical practitioners or men of science, but—in the church. These "small theologians," as the late Dr. Chalmers called them, have discovered that the attempt to alleviate the sufferings of women in childbirth would be a contravention of the curse that "in sorrow" shall man be brought forth. We scarcely know which to be most surprised at in this fanatical opposition—the presumption which hastily interprets the curse, or the absurdity which supposes that a curse of God could be contravened. So formidable has this opposition been in some quarters, that Dr. Simpson has thought it necessary to write an 'Answer to the religious objections advanced against the employment of anæsthetic agents in midwifery and surgery.' We can hardly suppose that any of our readers are the subjects of such morbid objections to the reception of so beneficial a gift at the hands of a kind Providence:—but should there be one such among them, we recommend him or her to consult Dr. Simpson's pamphlet.

Another, however, and more serious objection has been urged. Up to the time when we last wrote on this subject, no fatal case had occurred from the use of ether or chloroform. Since that time, a case at Newcastle-upon-Tyne has come before a coroner's inquest, in which a young woman is stated to have died from the effects of one of the agents. We say "is stated," because there is room for difference of opinion on the subject. No blame is supposed to attach to the medical gentlemen who administered the chloroform; but owing to the patient's state at the time, symptoms came on which are not justly attributable to the effects of chloroform on the system. Under such circumstances, such a case can afford no better objection to the use of chloroform than a death on a railway could to railway travelling. But even supposing this to have been a case of death arising from the application of chloroform,—it is only one out of many millions in which the substance has been taken; and the chances would be millions to one against the like accident occurring again. Much greater are the chances of being crushed to pieces by railway travelling, or knocked down by a cab while walking in the streets of London. Every one has heard of some case of a person who has suddenly expired from drinking a glass of cold water,—yet no one will refrain from drinking this beverage occasionally on that account.

We trust this single untoward case will not diminish the confidence of the public in so important an agent. At the same time, it should be known that ether and chloroform—and more especially the latter—are capable of destroying life. This fact was unintentionally—although perhaps usefully—demonstrated at a recent meeting of one of our scientific institutions; when the lecturer for the evening, wishing to exhibit the effects of chloroform on a guinea-pig, submitted it so long to the action of the agent that the creature never recovered. Several experiments have also been lately performed by Mr. Wakley, jun. in which animals were killed by exposure to this same agent. Such an event could occur during its remedial application only in cases of peculiar idiosyncrasy, or of great carelessness or unskillfulness on the part of the operator. Although accidents are easily avoided by care and skill, persons unacquainted with the physiology of the human system might make fatal mistakes; and we would therefore warn all against using this agent as a domestic remedy, or receiving it at the hands of any other than a properly educated medical practitioner.

DISINTERMENT OF JOHN HAMPDEN.

The Rosery, Old Brompton, Feb. 16.

THE *Athenæum* of the 12th instant contains a communication signed "S. H.," commenting on a paper written by me in the *Art-Union Journal*, ('Pilgrimages to English Shrines,') descriptive of a visit to the grave of John Hampden,—and preferring against me the grave charge that I have given to a village tradition the semblance of an historical fact, and treated with discourtesy and injustice the noble author of a 'Life of John Hampden'; who, it is understood, "disclaimed" the assertions put forth in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in August 1828—and pre-

iously in newspapers—concerning the rude disinterment of the patriot's remains on the 21st of July, 1828.

The account in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the alleged exhumation purports to be written by an eye-witness; as the writer always speaks in the plural of what was done on the occasion. "On the morning of the 21st of June, 1828, we all assembled in the church:" and he gives the names of the party present—"the Right Hon. Lord Nugent, Counsellor (now Lord) Denman, the Rev. Mr. Brookes, Mr. Heron, Mr. Grace (Steward to the Earl of Buckinghamshire), George Coventry, six other young gentlemen, with whose names I was not acquainted, twelve grave-diggers and assistants, with the clerk of the parish." The same particularity runs through the whole narrative. It states that permission was granted to open the coffin and exhume the body by the Earl of Buckinghamshire, on the application of Lord Nugent; which consent was confirmed by the Rector, "who politely tendered his assistance to further the inquiry;" and the writer, constantly speaking of himself and others present during the exhumation, states, "Lord Nugent descended into the grave and first removed the outer cloth;" and afterwards, speaking minutely of the appearance of the body, and the discovery of the right hand inclosed in a separate cloth, he goes on to say, that to clear away all doubts of the accuracy of the statements relative to his having been wounded in the shoulder, "it was adjudged necessary to remove the arms, which were amputated with a penknife." This is succeeded by the minutest details of the appearance of the scapula and clavicle, of "raising the body and supporting it with a shovel," and other matters which are scarcely fit to print.

Now, the statement of your correspondent is a direct disclaimer of all this; hinting that the whole story is a "hoax"—that nothing was seen but a "skeleton" while the church pavement was under repair,—and that there was "no operation, no amputation of any kind." How are all these statements to be reconciled? The circumstances of the exhumation are not "village traditions."—The facts, whatever they were, occurred not twenty years ago; living witnesses (perhaps all of them) still exist, whose names are given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—names which no "hoaxer" could have dared to use with impunity. Either the whole statement in the *Magazine* is a falsehood, and the authority of its contents as an antiquarian reference book at an end; or such exhumation did actually take place; and if so, the result of the inquiry should at least be made known, as in some degree settling a disputed point of considerable interest as to the mode in which the patriot came by his death,—whether, according to the received account, by a wound in his shoulder, or by the bursting of his own pistol which shattered his hand.

There are others whom the contradiction in the *Athenæum* concerns more than it does me:—among them the present Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench. It is only necessary for my own protection that I should convince your readers I have not circulated a mere vague "village tradition." I will only add, that the statement of the *Gentleman's Magazine* was confirmed to me in every particular not six months ago, by the house-steward of the Earl of Buckinghamshire and the clerk of the church,—both of whom were present on the occasion. They added, that the mutilated body, believed by the party assembled to be that of John Hampden, was suffered to remain out of the grave and on the floor of the church for two days and nights; and the house-steward stated that so perfect were the features that he recognized a striking resemblance between them and a portrait on the staircase of the Earl's house,—which portrait, in consequence of his impression, was removed and examined and then for the first time found to contain the name of "John Hampden." For this the house-steward is alone responsible.

I hope after this statement it will not be thought that I have departed out of my course to circulate idle gossip, or to prejudice a distinguished and respected nobleman.

I am, &c. ANNA MARIA HALL.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

There is no new fact connected with Sir John Franklin and the Expeditions about to seek him since we communicated the plans of the latter in November last [see *Athen.* No. 1048]. Sir John Richardson is in town, making the necessary arrangements—which will be completed by the first week in March; but the friends of Franklin are still sanguine that the appearance of the gallant party in spring will save the searchers a portion of their labour. A contemporary makes a great display of intelligence on the subject of these Expeditions in his paper of last week; but as we had anticipated his information as long as three months ago, we will not trouble our readers with needless repetition. Strangely enough, he would seem to have been the only one of our contemporaries who had overlooked the information which he has since been actively engaged in seeking.

The matter of the vacant secretaryship at the Society of Antiquaries has advanced another stage;—the Council having determined on Tuesday last that the vacancy should be filled up, and that they will recommend to the members on a future occasion such person as they may then think best suited for the office. The day of election will be the 24th of April—St. George's day this year falling on a Sunday.

The building of the Royal Institution in Albemarle-Street had nearly been the scene—if not the victim—of a calamity yesterday week. The subject of the lecture on that evening was to have been "The Curiosities of Glass-Manufacture," by Mr. Pellatt; and all was in order and readiness up to 20 minutes past 8 o'clock. At this time, Mr. Faraday, as superintendent of the house, stopped the proceedings—on a suspicion that, though the furnace was erected in the same manner as that of last year, the heat now obtained was too great and had affected some near timber. The company were, therefore, refused admittance into the lecture-room—from fear not so much of fire as of the consequences that might result from panic in a crowded audience. The floor near the fire-place was taken up and the space beneath examined; when the precaution was found to have been well-timed. On proceeding further to put out the furnace-fire and take up the hearth, a piece of timber, not known to be so near the fire-place, was found deeply charred.—A large part of the very numerous company was received in the library, and interested by a collection of specimens of glass manufacture until a late hour.

On Tuesday evening last the members and friends of the Whittington Club held their first *Soirée* in their new and central establishment in the Strand—formerly the Crown and Anchor.—Mr. Jerrold presiding. The spacious rooms were crowded, and the speakers were numerous and earnest. The rapid prosperity of this Club is, we believe, almost unexampled in the history of such institutions.—It already numbers, we understand, upwards of two thousand members.

Having heard many inquiries in reference to the meaning of the new Post-office regulations relative to the transmission of books—as to whether the name of the receiver, and "from the author," or any such information may be inserted in the book posted—we have taken the trouble to ascertain how the matter stands. Nothing, our readers should observe, must be written in the book, except the name and address of the person to whom it is sent. This may or may not be written, at the pleasure of the sender. "From the author," or the like, if inserted at all, must be printed or inserted in a printed label pasted on the leaf or binding, so as to become part of the book.

The books of the Stationers Company, so full of curious entries connected with our early literature, have been freely opened, for publication purposes, by the Master and Wardens to Mr. J. Payne Collier. We are glad of this: and further glad to report that Mr. Collier (whose knowledge of our early popular literature is well known) has already extracted sufficient to form a thick octavo volume,—and that he intends to illustrate his extracts with numerous notes, mentioning whenever he can where the book, tract, drama, or ballad is known to exist. The work will appear among the publications of the Shakespeare Society for the present year.

We find by the *Gazette* of Friday last that Oldenburg is now added to the number of States that are

gradually coming under the provisions of the treaty of international copyright recently proposed for general acceptance by England.

The following is from a correspondent:—A word about the 'Pentamerone' of Basile [note, p. 126]. If M. Liebrecht mentions in his preface, your reviewer does not, a proof of its popularity which it may not be amiss to record. It was the book which supplied the arguments of the early *Fable* of Carlogozzi: those wonderful and delicious *extravaganzas* which divided Venetian popularity with the comedies of Goldoni,—and to which, also, if I mistake not, the coarser Viennese compounds of like quality that so long amused the Austrians by their mixture of matter of fact and fabulous miracle work owed their origin. About this matter, which forms a pleasant section of theatrical history, Mr. Planché, as head of our own burlesque or arabesque dramatists and a skilled antiquarian to boot, ought to have something to say worth hearing.

The *Moreton Bay Courier* has the following:—"Intelligence has reached the settlement that Messrs. Archibald Campbell, John Cameron, and Robert Coulson have just returned from their exploratory expedition in search of a route from Moreton Bay to Fitzroy Downs; and that they have been successful in discovering a splendid country, equal, if not superior to Darling Downs, consisting principally of natural downs and meadows uncumbered with forests or brushwood, with plentiful supplies of water, commanding no very difficult access, and distant about 250 miles from Brisbane in an almost due westerly direction."

The Paris papers announce the discovery, in the public Library of Douai, in a basket of old papers supposed to be valueless, of a manuscript of Fénelon in good preservation. It is a memoir relating to the foundation of seminaries.

It appears to have been a very difficult matter to set the Academy of Sciences at Vienna fairly going. After a variety of efforts which have been from time to time announced as having the inaugural character, the young and impracticable institution would seem to have been at length opened, with great solemnity, on the 2nd inst., by the imperial curator, the Archduke John. Many other members of the Imperial family, together with the great officers of state and the diplomatic corps, were present on the occasion. The subjects proposed by the council for prize essays in the four Sections were announced. In the Historical Section, a series of five essays is demanded for the completion of a History of King Rudolph I. of Hapsburg—and in the Philological a paper on the restoration of a comparatively pure model of instruction in the Slavonic tongue.

Some odds and ends, with some good things and something of everything—the property of the late Mr. Newington Hughes, of Winchester—were sold during the present week by Messrs. Sotheby & Wilkinson. The mail gorgon of Ralph Neville of Raby, created Earl of Westmoreland in 1397, sold for 8*l.* 5*s.* This was thought to be unique; but a duplicate has since been found in the armories at the Tower. The regimental drum of Col. Culpepper, taken prisoner at the surrender of Colchester in 1648, brought 5*l.* It has the Culpepper arms upon it, and formerly hung in the hall at Leeds Castle. This is perhaps unique; for after the Restoration the royal arms invariably, we believe, supplanted the arms of the colonel of the regiment. A warder's horn found in the moat at Leeds Castle sold for 3*l.* 15*s.* A small collection of celts and fibulae, found together at Aylesford in Kent, was bought by Lord Hastings for 9*l.* 9*s.* A British dagger found at the same place was bought by the same nobleman (one of the best informed and most liberal of our noble collectors) for 4*l.* 12*s.* A fine Roman first brass of Antoninus Pius, R Britannia,—male figure seated on a rock, in his right hand a standard, in his left a javelin,—sold for 11*l.* 15*s.*—and a small clever sketch in water-colours by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Frank Barber, Dr. Johnson's black servant, brought 3*l.* 12*s.*—While mentioning matters of this kind, we may add that a so-called in the catalogue "Persian rug, formerly Sir David Wilkie's," brought at Mr. Simon's sale 9*l.* 9*s.* This was considerably more than Mr. Simon gave for it at Wilkie's sale,—so that good things are still on the rise. It is a rich, capital specimen of Venetian (not Persian) sixteenth century work, powdered with lions and deer. Wilkie obtained it from Stirling Castle.

In connexion with the momentous subject of sanitary reform, we are glad to be able to state from

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time to time that progress is being made. We have now to announce that the triangulation of the metropolis is begun. Some of our readers may have noticed, within the last few days, that a scaffolding has been erected on one of the towers of Westminster Abbey. Let them not be alarmed: the work going on there has no connexion with the apprehended invasion of our Gallic neighbours. It is the cause of health and cleanliness, and the morals depending on them, which engage the attention of the watchers up there. The promptness with which the commencement of this survey has followed upon the first announcement of the intention we accept as testimony to the earnestness of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests in the matter. So long as this good work remains undone, a grave responsibility rests upon all who have authority to promote it, yet neglect their duty. The terrible visitation which yet looms in the distance should teach us a solemn lesson. We invited the influenza to our homes—encouraged its ravages—by our previous neglect; and if there be few amongst us whom it has not wounded in our persons or affections, we dare not deny that it is a righteous retribution. Pestilences rarely come undeservedly. So far as large communities are concerned, epidemics are judicial ministers; visiting those only—or at least most fatally—who have committed flagrant violation of the laws of Nature, and permitted a systematic disregard of the warnings of science and the obvious requirements of social existence. As we now stand in respect of sanitary provisions, London and all our other great towns are fatally exposed to the attack of every disease that may arise in any part of the world. During the six weeks which have just passed, in London alone 5,000 persons have been destroyed, hundreds of thousands afflicted with sickness, and lasting diseases planted in innumerable constitutions:—and yet there are, or have only lately been, persons who contend that no additional defences were there needed against the foes who wrought us all this amount of evil. Upon such men no argument can make an impression short of the avenging angel's. The memorials of the Westminster Improvement Commission and the Metropolitan Sewerage Manure Company on the sanitary state of that large district have been referred to high scientific authority—with a view to the solution of the practical difficulties of the subject. The chief points of novelty in the plan recommended are—the division of the districts into sections of from 250 to 500 acres each, according to the levels—the drainage of each section independently of the rest, by steam-power, and on the converging system. The proposed scheme, it is asserted, would effect every object of a perfect town drainage, and at an expense of 30 per cent. less than the present cost.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five.—Admission 1s.; Galathea, 1s. WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—NOTICE.—The celebrated picture of the INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S, at VENICE, is exhibiting alone for a short time. It is seen under two aspects, Day and Night, and during the latter effect the Grand Machine Organ will perform the 'Kyrie,' from Mozart's Mass No. 12.—Open from Ten till Five.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. British Architects, 8, P.M.
- Pathological Society, 7.—Council.
- Statistical Society, 8.
- Royal Academy, 8.—Sculpture.
- Tues. Zoological Society, 8.—Scientific Business.—Prof. Owen 'On a new and large species of Chimpanzee from the Gaboon.'—Mr. Gulliver 'On Blood Corpucles,' &c.—At 8 o'clock P.M. Dr. Melville will continue his Demonstrations.
- Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—Mr. A. Mitchell 'On Submarine Foundations, particularly the Screw Pile and Moorings.'
- Wed. Geological Society, half-past 8.
- Society of Arts, 8.
- Thurs. Society of Antiquaries, 8.
- Royal Society of Literature, 4.
- Royal Society, half-past 8.
- Numismatic Society, 7.
- Royal Academy, 8.—Painting.
- Fri. Philological Society, 8.
- Royal Institution, 8.—Prof. E. Forbes 'On the question in Natural History—Whether Genera have Geographic Centres of Distribution.'

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Professor Leslie's Lectures on Painting.

LECTURE I.

WERE it not that a painter may see much in Art beyond his own attainments, and may estimate fairly styles and excellencies that are entirely beyond

his reach, it would have been presumptuous in me to undertake the task which you have done me the honour to intrust to me,—the difficulties of which have been much increased by the abilities of my distinguished predecessors, much of whose learning and eloquence still continues to instruct us as part of the permanent literature of the country. In entering upon the duties you have confided to me, before I proceed to the consideration of the principles of Painting separately, I propose to offer to you some general observations on education in Art:—and to this important subject I will confine myself this evening.

The road to Art is proverbially a long one; and it is often made longer than it need be by our own mistakes. If, therefore, anything I can say should tend to shorten it to my younger brother artists, it will be in a great measure owing to discoveries of some of my own errors,—which, though made too late to be of much benefit to myself, may possibly be of use to those whose habits are not so formed but that they may be abandoned, if wrong.

Words can but very imperfectly explain what Painting is, or what it should be,—because it is the business of Painting to do what words cannot do. Writers on Art, therefore, often have recourse to the analogies that exist between Painting and Poetry; but we must always remember in making use of analogies, that the essential characteristics of every art are not those in which it resembles other arts, but those in which it differs from them. Painting, addressing itself to the mind through the eye, must please at first by form, by colour, by light and shade, or it appeals in vain to the mind. These things are, therefore, the essence of the art,—more especially colour and chiar-oscuro, for it shares them with no other; and I would say to every young painter, "Address the imagination and the heart if you can, but please the eye with these you must." Let me not, however, be understood as placing the pleasures of sense before those of the mind, or indeed on anything like an equality with them. I trust, as I proceed, to be able to show that I do not undervalue the poetry and sentiment of Art, though I think it a fatal mistake to undervalue the means by which alone the mind and heart can speak to the eye,—a mistake that may often have hindered the development of much poetic feeling.

Genius, as far as it has to do with Painting, may be considered as the union of taste with imagination. Now, imagination seems to be a power to which instruction can scarcely reach; and if in any degree amenable to direction, it can only be so through taste,—a faculty that is admitted to be capable of much improvement by cultivation. By taste, in its most perfect condition, I understand, not the mere relish of beauty and of truth, but *true judgment*; the power that estimates all things belonging to Art relatively as well as singly. It has also as much to do with the heart as with the head,—for material beauty will never be fully known but to him who knows also what is moral beauty. Imagination may be considered as the active power of Genius,—taste as the controlling and directing power. It is the *temperance* which Shakespeare recommended to the actors in their bursts of passion; but, as he also told them, it is not *tameness*—neither is it mere fastidiousness, much less timidity. It will dare all things for a great end,—but it never seeks merely to astonish; nor is it ever presumptuous. It is not exclusive; it objects not to ugliness or deformity, but it assigns to them their proper places. It excludes only falsehood; and this it detects as readily under the most magnificent disguises as when it affects the most childlike simplicity. It would be easy to expatiate on the attributes of taste until you would tell me I had proved that no man had ever possessed it; which is indeed true of taste in the abstract,—for in the most perfect human works there exist flaws from the want of it, and which are, no doubt, always traceable to partial cultivation and the accidents of local position and evil associations. And if taste be the proper director of the imagination, it is also modified in its turn, in every individual, by the particular cast of the latter.

But considering them as distinct faculties, and that either may exist, though in a less perfect condition, without the other, I will endeavour to show the great importance of so much of taste as depends on sound judgment, to the right exercise of the ima-

gination. Few men had more imagination than the amiable visionary Blake. No mind could be loftier in its aspirations than his,—no heart more pure. He conversed daily with angels,—he wrote poetry that Charles Lamb called glorious and Coleridge quoted by heart; and, so far, he had taste as well as imagination,—and taste also purified by his imagination. But his pictures, though the subjects are sublime, are too fantastic to be looked at with any seriousness; for by a singular perversity of judgment he was led to associate sinfulness with the pleasure of the eye, and he spoke of being haunted by demons in the shapes of Titian, of Correggio, of Rubens, and of Rembrandt, tempting him to commit light and shadow and to be guilty of colouring. Blake, I shall be told, was mad; but this does not affect the argument, for madness is but an unbalanced mind, and the power he wanted was, as I have said, judgment,—the better part of taste. Blake was but an extreme specimen of what is always more or less the result of the undue predominance of the imagination,—and which as far as it throws off the control of judgment produces what may be called the *fanaticism of Art*.

Barry may be quoted as another, though a less extreme, instance of an extraordinary man devoting himself to a great object, and wilfully rejecting much assistance of the highest value. He spoke of the Dutch and Flemish painters, including Rembrandt and Rubens, as out of the pale of his church. And what is the result? He expended six years of thought and labour in the production of a series of pictures of high moral aim,—but so deficient in the attributes of Art that, though they may be acknowledged as the productions of genius, no power of reasoning will ever persuade the world to admire them.

To Blake and Barry I will oppose, by way of contrast, Terburgh, as a painter of the least possible imagination, and whose works exhibit no remarkable degree of purity of mind. We must deduct, therefore, from his taste, all by which imagination and fine feelings might have exalted it. His subjects have rarely anything to interest, and we may be thankful when they have nothing in them to disgust; for he often descended to incidents of the most repulsive kind:—a well-dressed woman, for example, tipping by herself, and in the act of draining a long Flemish glass, while she holds a stone bottle on her lap.—Yet such subjects, and others little better, from his hands, are made gems of Art by the exquisite taste of the colour, execution, and light and shade with which they are recommended to the eye; and Terburgh ranks with great painters, and is of a class from which Reynolds did not disdain to learn, and Raphael would not, could he have seen its productions;—while the works of Blake can scarcely be said to belong to the art, and those of Barry, from their lamentable deficiency in all that can satisfy the eye, must take a rank far below the productions of the painters he most despised of the Dutch and Flemish schools.

I have no hesitation in saying that every artist whose name has lived owes his immortality more to the excellence of his taste than to any other single faculty. Not that it is his greatest quality; but that it displays all the rest to their fullest advantage,—and without it his mind would be but dimly and with difficulty seen. The lofty imagination of Raphael, the wonderful fertility of his invention, with all his extraordinary dramatic power and his deep knowledge of human nature, would never have placed him where he is, nearer to the hearts of men than any other painter that ever lived, had it not been for that pure and true taste which gives such an indescribable natural urbanity to every work of his hand,—from his earliest attempts to the grandest of his frescoes. Compare, for instance, his 'Galatea' with the same subject by Annibale Caracci, of which the National Gallery has the cartoon. In academic excellence the work of Annibale is not inferior to that of Raphael; but, without anything of affected prudery, there is a modesty, a gentleness, in Raphael's picture which by contrast would vulgarize works much less gross than that of the Bolognese. I have selected the 'Galatea' of Raphael as a proof of the purity of his taste, because the subject is one in the treatment of which whatever there might be of grossness in the mind of the painter was sure to appear.

It is taste only that can settle the difficult question of finish. A young painter, in the midst of a

fine collection of pictures, is puzzled by seeing so wide a separation between great masters in the degree of attention they have given to the details of their works. But he will learn, as he becomes acquainted with the art, that all pictures are finished if the intention of the master be fully conveyed; and that details may be omitted by Velasquez or introduced by Terburgh, and the effect be equally satisfactory, because whatever the one gives or the other leaves out is given or omitted under the guidance of an exquisite taste. Who, for instance, while standing before the 'Boar Hunt,' by Velasquez, in our National Gallery, would desire more than he finds in it,—or in looking at the 'Blue Boddie' by Terburgh, in Her Majesty's collection, would regret that the finish has been carried so far?

In speaking of this faculty, hitherto, I have assumed the meaning that always accompanies the word when used by itself,—that is, good taste. But good taste may be considered as the exception, and bad or rather mixed taste as the rule. In cold or phlegmatic natures taste is a mere negation,—hence mediocrity; but ardent temperaments have always strong relishes, and if these are not, by nature or education, directed to truth, they will always turn to falsehood. I need not say that the best and worst tastes have often been united in the same men; and where great powers of invention and execution are joined to a false but plausible taste, the possessor of them is able to corrupt an age. Indeed, as Art appears to have sometimes risen to a great height at the bidding of a single commanding mind of rightly directed powers, it has at other times sunk into corruption by the no less powerful influence of a single mind possessed of the ability to give to falsehood the appearance of truth. Not but that there are always concurring circumstances in the state of society to facilitate either the ready admission of truth or of falsehood, and that these circumstances act upon leaders as leaders again act on the multitude; and this affords a clue to one cause of the irregular progress of Art;—a progress marked, ever since Painting may be said to have reached its maturity, by alternate periods of great vigour with periods of decay, sometimes verging on dissolution. It is consolatory to know, however, that in most countries in which Painting has achieved great triumphs the achievement has not always been for once only,—though it is of great importance to notice that different periods of excellence have always been marked by different characters of excellence. And this should teach us a lesson we do not seem disposed to learn,—namely, that any attempt to revive particular styles of Art must always prove futile, since history shows us that Art has often revived, but styles never have.

Believing, as I have said, that taste is the only faculty obedient to training, and that imagination is beyond our reach excepting through its influence, I will point out some of the dangers to which I think taste is exposed in its immaturity. A young painter, at the commencement of his studies, how far soever he may be from the perception of the highest beauties of pictures, will generally see truly their faults. As he becomes better acquainted with fine works of Art, the beauties he discovers in them atone to him for the faults, which he still sees. But if, on becoming still more alive to their excellencies, he allows himself to be persuaded that their faults are necessarily connected with their beauties,—or that they are conventional merits, and not only inseparable from, but indispensable to, a particular style,—he makes an opening in his mind for the admission of all the unfounded theories which ingenious critics have at different times broached on the false plan of considering pictures as the Art, rather than as imperfect manifestations of parts of the Art,—which is the most that can be said even of the greatest works known to the world. Sir Joshua Reynolds, wise and candid, and above all things loving and seeking the truth, advocated a theory founded on this basis; and which, although he did not allow it to influence his own practice, has certainly a tendency to preclude much that the student may learn from his example. It was, perhaps, chiefly from modesty that Reynolds places colouring—a quality he so greatly excelled in—lower than I think it should be placed among the attributes of Art. It was natural that he should not think the most highly of that which

he found so easy; but as I have not the same reason for undervaluing this charming power, I will endeavour to show why I venture to dissent on this point from so deservedly high an authority. Nor am I the first of your Professors who have differed from Sir Joshua in this matter:—for Opie, in his third lecture, in allusion to the theory of Reynolds says, "Though I respect him much, I respect truth more, which I think will bear me out in maintaining the contrary opinion."

In the first letter which Reynolds addressed to 'The Idler' he speaks of "critics who are continually lamenting that Raphael had not the colouring and harmony of Rubens, or the light and shadow of Rembrandt, without considering how much the gay harmony of the former or the affectation of the latter would take from the dignity of Raphael." Now I think the following reply to this might fairly be suggested on behalf of the critics. The colouring and harmony of Rubens, instead of injuring the dignity of Raphael, would, if applied with the discrimination with which Raphael was sure to apply it to his works, have greatly improved them. Imagine, for instance, the 'Galatea' with the tone and harmony of Rubens,—or the 'Parnassus,'—and the image of a work is immediately presented to the mind of far greater perfection than either of those pictures in their present state. Then, again, that the colour of Rubens may be accommodated to all that is most dignified and pathetic in the art, we have a striking proof in a picture by his hand that yields to nothing in the world in sentiment, 'The Descent from the Cross.' Whatever may be the deficiency of this great work in historical dignity arises from the grossness of form and want of elevation of character in some of the personages. It may be objected also that the dress of the Magdalene is too modern; but the expression of her face, little as we see of it, the grief and reverence with which she receives in her arms the feet of the Lord (a beautiful thought, and which I do not remember to have occurred to any other painter of the subject), the expression, I repeat, of her face and attitude has rarely been equalled, never surpassed. It is indeed perfect and the colour and chiar-oscuro are of the greatest importance in assisting the deep impression this matchless work must make on every human being that has a heart.

Then, again, as to the light and shadow of Rembrandt being incompatible with the dignity of Raphael, I would say the same thing. Unquestionably not, if used with Raphael's judgment; and I believe he would gladly have availed himself of Rembrandt's powers in such subjects as the 'Incendio del Borgo' and the 'Liberation of St. Peter from Prison.' One of the most remarkable features in the character of Raphael was the quickness with which he saw and made himself master of every beauty and excellence in the works of others,—of his contemporaries as well as of the painters who had preceded him; and to this it is in part,—we can scarcely say in how great a part,—owing that he so far surpassed all other painters of his time excepting M. Angelo. To this quality not only his quickness, his taste, and his penetration were necessary, but his natural modesty. He never thought too well of himself; but he strove to the last "that he might attain, not as though he had already attained," to excellence. Indeed the example of Raphael's habits of mind is the best of any individual example that can be proposed to the student.

We often hear of the language and the grammar of Art; and these words are frequently used where there is no real correspondence between the qualities in painting which they are put for and the words themselves. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his fourth Discourse, speaks of Paul Veronese and Tintoretto as possessing merely the language of painters;—and adds "it is but poor eloquence which only shows that the orator can talk." Now let us, for a moment, consider what are the qualities thus compared to language,—that is, to a system of mere arbitrary signs of things, which, having no resemblance to the things themselves, vary in every nation under heaven. The powers of Art, thus compared to language, present us with the most vivid images of all that nature addresses to our sight; and these images are given to us by Paul Veronese with a greater degree of general truth than any other painter has ever achieved on so large a scale as that of his principal works. He unites exquisite harmony and purity with the greatest

brilliance and force of colour, and the most unaffected system of light and shade. He has elegance, grace, dignity,—and in some of his compositions a grandeur of style not unworthy of Michael Angelo; while Tintoretto, possessing many of the highest excellencies of colour, appeals irresistibly to our imagination by the power of his chiar-oscuro.

It is no unfair mode of rating the qualities of Art to estimate them by the difficulty of their attainment, and the rarity with which we find them in any tolerable degree of perfection. A poet may in a word or two convey an idea of the complexion of a beautiful woman, and those words often very vaguely used. In the hands of Shakespeare, "Nature's pure red and white" are sufficient; but the painter, to do this, must engage in an actual rivalry with Nature herself,—a contest in which a distant approach to her is allowed to constitute success. And even such success, in the colour of flesh, has not perhaps been accomplished by twenty artists with whose works we are acquainted,—Paul Veronese being one.

It must be acknowledged, however, that no painter has less of sentiment or strong expression; but, at the same time, he has never anything of affected sentiment, of which there is so much in Art, and which is infinitely worse than none,—and the expression we do find in his works is always true to nature. In the picture of 'Esther before Ahasuerus,' in the Louvre, the whole figure and the face of the fainting queen are admirable. The death-like paleness is exquisitely given, the half-open eyes that see nothing, and the slightly parted lips. She has not fallen, but remains a lifeless weight in the arms of her attendants. But as Paul Veronese is seen to great advantage in the Louvre, you must allow me to say a few words on his two immense works, 'The Marriage at Cana,' and the 'Magdalene washing the feet of our Saviour,'—two of the most impressive pictures I have ever seen. 'The Marriage at Cana,' it is true, is anything but a relation of the story. But its great merit is that it exceeds all other pictures of its size in noon-day splendour of colour and breadth of effect;—and I need scarcely remark that it is in such pictures, containing an infinite variety of minute parts, that breadth is most difficult of attainment. But in the opposite picture, though it has suffered much by time and reparation, the same excellencies are united with much propriety of treatment and of expression. Paulo has imagined the incident to take place, as related by St. Luke, in the house of a Pharise; and the magnificent architecture might not, therefore, be inappropriate,—nor is the violation of the costume so flagrant as in many of his other works. He has given to Judas, who may be known by the purse at his girdle, the meanest head in the picture, but with nothing of the look of a downright villain; and this is perhaps the truest physiognomy of the character. The Magdalene is well conceived,—wholly absorbed, unmindful of all about her and of what is said; her heart goes with her action. The expression and interest with which a young man, perhaps intended for St. John, regards her devotion, is imitatively natural; and the conception of the whole picture has great dramatic truth: the main incident entirely absorbing the attention of all who, from their situation, are aware of it,—while the personages near the right and left extremities of the canvas, ignorant of what is going on, are otherwise engaged. I have described this picture with no intention whatever of ranking it with, or even near, the conceptions of Raphael,—but merely to show that the merits of Paul Veronese are very far beyond the mere verbiage of Art.

Some critics have gone farther than Reynolds, and in a sweeping way have denounced all the varied excellencies of the Dutch and Flemish schools as the language, only, of Art. To this, however, I will not waste a word in answer; for I cannot think it needs a reply before such an audience as I am addressing. Writers who have no practical knowledge of painting may thus condemn what they do not understand; but should any artist be disposed to listen to them, I would advise him to try to paint the commonest object as the best Dutch painters who will have painted it, and I am much mistaken if he will not soon acknowledge their transcendent excellence.

But to return to Reynolds:—I must not omit to say that the same Discourse is highly valuable for the judgment with which he points out the real def-

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conscience of the Venetian School, and the praise he gives to Titian; though I am forced again to dissent from him when I find him considering colour as a merely sensual element of Art. It is certainly no more so, in the common and gross meaning of the word, than form, or light and shade. All these may be equally used to render subjects that appeal to our lowest passions attractive,—and for this end Correggio has availed himself more of light and shade than of colour. Errors of this kind arise from confounding the art with the subject; and it is one of the first things necessary, that the student should keep these entirely distinct in his mind. If he hopes to benefit substantially by the study of Art, he must learn to see that qualities have often no necessary connexion whatever which are nevertheless inseparably united in particular styles: as, for instance, the grossness of form in Rubens with his manner of composition or with the hues of his flesh; or the chiar-oscuro of Rembrandt, the simplicity and truth of his expression, with the deformity and meanness so often found among his groups.

But colour has been considered sensual, according to another meaning of the word, as addressing itself to the eye only, and not to the mind. This, however, like the first objection, applies no more to colour exclusively than to any other quality of Art. Beauty of form or truth of light and shadow address themselves as much to the eye and no more to the mind than colour, unless they express a sentiment,—and colour may appeal to the mind as powerfully as either, particularly in the expressions of gaiety, of sadness, or of solemnity. Sir Joshua seems also to rate colour too much as a merely ornamental quality; but every part of the art is ornamental,—and if colour be more so in some schools than in others, it is only because it is truer in those schools to Nature. We must not confound the materials the Venetian painters introduced into their pictures with the media of their art,—the effects of their rich velvets, satins, brocades, &c., with those beauties of Nature, her brightness, splendour, and harmony of tone, which they first gave in perfection, and which might as well adorn the poorest and coarsest materials as the richest. It is not that Paul Veronese is gayer in colour than Raphael,—but he is truer, and seems completely to have attained that which Raphael aimed at in nearly all his subjects, namely the broad light of tranquil mid-day. The most solemn, the most mournful tones, and tones suited to the most sublime subjects, may be found in the works of Titian, of Tintoretto, and even of Paul Veronese, as well as colour the most magnificent; but the distinguishing excellence of the Venetian and of the Dutch and Flemish schools is that, whatever be the choice of colours,—whether the tints be brilliant, rich, or negative,—whether the effects be light or dark,—the true tone of Nature is spread over the whole. Till a finer tone be discovered I can never think that Venetian or Dutch colour can do otherwise than exalt the highest subjects; and it seems, therefore, to me a most injurious error for painters to think of colour as a thing that may be either neglected as a minor excellence or deliberately rejected as inconsistent with other qualities. Such may be a convenient mode of thinking,—and to none would it be more so than to myself; but I am convinced it never was the way in which any really greater painter ever thought or felt: and it is curious to see, in the writings of Reynolds, his natural love of colour breaking out in detached passages, and confuting his own theory of the incompatibility of the excellencies of the Venetian or Dutch with those of the Roman schools. He admits in one place that the colour of Titian might assimilate with the grandest subjects,—and in another he says "Jan Steen had a fine manly style of painting that might become even the design of Raphael."

I trust that in the foregoing remarks, I shall not be thought to undervalue the authority of our illustrious first President as a general writer on Art, any more than I can be supposed to be indifferent either to his transcendent excellence as a painter or to the benefits he has conferred, far beyond any other man, on the school of which he was the founder. Indeed, it is because he justly ranks amongst the highest authorities in criticism, it is because his writings are given to some of our students who obtain prizes and are accessible in our library to all, that I have thought it necessary to point out what appears to me an injurious ten-

dency in one part of them; and I would accompany what I have said by remarking that all theories, how high soever may be the authority that sanctions them, if formed solely on the practice of particular schools, should be carefully examined before they are implicitly relied on. Indeed, theories deduced from Art merely are always to be mistrusted; while principles derived from Nature and from an enlarged comparison of Art with Nature, form the only basis of sound theory. And this is the definition of Reynolds himself: "Theory is the knowledge of what is truly Nature."

In whatever degree the colour of the Florentine and Roman schools is inferior to that of the Venetian and Dutch schools,—and it is often not at all so,—I believe the fact may be accounted for entirely from accidental causes, of which I shall reserve the consideration till another opportunity. Indifferent colouring has never been found to stand in the way of immediate fame; and to our present success, therefore, it is of little moment whether we colour well or ill. Jarvis was eulogized by Pope, and Richardson and Hudson acquired fortunes,—and where are now their works? But if we wish to do that which will outlast us, we must look beyond present fame,—and be able to say, as Nicolo Poussin said of himself: "I have neglected nothing."

If the quantity and excellence of previous Art, and facility of communion with it will make great painters of us, we are in a position infinitely more favourable to such a result than the students of any former age. An English painter, who has never even been out of his own country, has within his reach means of acquiring a knowledge of Art, as far as it can be acquired from pictures and statues, far greater than were possessed by Michael Angelo and Raphael. He has opportunities of seeing and studying many forms of excellence of which they possessed but the germ, but which have been fully perfected by the genius of succeeding painters. And though that which constituted the peculiar supremacy of each of these wonderful men has never been equalled, yet very much has been added to the art of which they had but imperfect glimpses. In this country, also, we have not only all the best works that they were acquainted with of the antique, but we have, in the Elgin marbles, fragments of absolute perfection of which they knew nothing.

Yet with apparently greater advantages than the world ever before presented, the young painter has many more real difficulties to contend with in the commencement of his studies now than at any former time. The very wealth of Art creates one great source of embarrassment. The student is apt to be so impressed with awe by the works of the great masters now congregated in galleries, that any attempt to rival or combine their excellencies seems to him to be utterly hopeless. He wanders through the public collections, admiring rather than studying what seem to him the productions of an order of beings that are never again to exist. He settles it in his mind that an approach to them will be happiness enough for him. His aim therefore is low from the first; and, as is always the case, he falls short of his aim, and dooms himself to mediocrity for life. This is the defect of one class of minds. Another class find it easy to imitate, in a superficial way but in a way sufficient to catch the admiration of superficial critics, the dash of Art. They omit details, because great painters have done so; but they do not see that the very omissions of the great masters are full of slight and exquisite indications of knowledge which they have not acquired. They endeavour to grasp the end without being acquainted with the means; and though they may impose on themselves and the world for a time, the emptiness of their pretensions is sure to be discovered at last. It is in reference to the productions of such minds that old Richardson says, "there is bold painting, and there is also impudent painting."

Another error, and as I conceive a very pernicious and prevailing one, is sectarianism in Art; the bigoted admiration of any one school or any one master, however deserving of admiration, to the exclusion of all the rest. There cannot be a greater mistake; and I have invariably remarked that he who pins his faith wholly on any one particular style is exactly he who least perceives that in it which is its peculiar charm. All the great masters throw light on each

other; and I am convinced that no mind will thoroughly relish Raphael and Michael Angelo which does not thoroughly relish Rubens and Rembrandt. Nay, I will say that the simplicity and the purity of feeling of Giotto, Angelico, and others of the early Italian masters, will be best felt by him who is most sensibly alive to every variety of excellence that has been displayed by the painters of all ages to the world. The bigoted sectarian always admires in the wrong place,—clings to what is merely accidental, to that which belongs to the time and country in which the painter has lived; and ever fails to perceive that which is essential in the style, that which is catholic, and which therefore connects all the first-rate minds of all ages with each other. It is this essence which is really the art,—all else is but its dress; and it is my hope that, upon other occasions, I may be able to point out how much there is in common in the real genius of all the schools, though exhibited in styles apparently the most different.

Another obstacle to the advantage to be derived from the works of the old masters arises from the belief that all has been done that can be done. We are prone to consider the art as an inclosure in which we can only travel in a circle, rather than as a vantage ground from which fresh discoveries in Nature may be made. It is easy to add capricious and eccentric novelties of style to what exists; but to present some genuine quality of Nature for the first time or some new combination of what is already known to Art is the great difficulty: and yet I believe it might be oftener and more easily accomplished than it is, if we would allow the art to lead us to Nature, rather than erect it into a barrier against all in Nature that is not already admitted within its confines. He who believes that Nature is not exhausted will, I am convinced, if he truly loves her, find that she is not. It is this faith in her abundance that has caused every revival of Art from its slumbers. It was this faith that inspired Rubens and Rembrandt to restore the glories of the Flemish and Dutch schools; not by attempting their exact revival, but by opening new views of Nature, and creating each a style of his own, which, in spite of many and great faults, has placed them for ever among the most illustrious benefactors of painting. It was the same faith that inspired Hogarth, notwithstanding the most discouraging circumstances that ever genius was surrounded by, to create a species of Art unknown to the world before him, and to carry it at once to a perfection precluding all imitation;—and it was the same faith in the boundless stores of Nature that enabled Reynolds to give a fresh charm to portrait after all that had been done for it by Holbein, Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Van-dyke, Velasquez, and Rembrandt. It is easy to delude ourselves into the belief that we love Art or that we love Nature,—but the genuine love of both ought certainly to produce such effects as I have just noticed; for the great painters I have mentioned have all achieved their separate triumphs by that unerring instinct of genius which looks to Art only as the interpreter of Nature, and not as a thing in itself perfect and completed.

The minds of students are much more impressed, in the commencement of their studies, by the production of their cotemporaries than by the works of the old masters, and these early impressions are never wholly eradicated through the longest life. There may be seeming exceptions to this, but I believe there are very few real ones. That contemporary art is the first to impress us may be advantageous or otherwise according to circumstances. Its advantages need not be dwelt upon,—as such influence stands in no need of recommendation; but it may be useful to point out some of the dangers of, what is certainly a habit with our students, resorting to our annual Exhibition as a school. In an assemblage of the accidental productions of a year, and with which it is necessary to cover every inch of our walls, there must of necessity be a great preponderance of the indifferent and even much of what is positively bad; and inexperienced eyes cannot dwell often and long on this without injury. The student is apt to thank his stars that he can do better than much that he sees,—and contents himself with respectable mediocrity; and the more so as it is found that mediocrity, managed with ordinary tact, may secure patronage and even fortune, while unworldly genius is often

neglected. There are no topics more frequently dwelt on by writers and talkers than the faults of the age,—and yet nothing is so difficult to understand. But to the student it is of the last importance that he should see clearly what are the besetting sins of the school to which he belongs. These, it is very true, are to be seen in their fullest luxuriance in our annual Exhibitions; but there is danger to the student, if he resort frequently to them for instruction, that he may become hopelessly blind to the mannerism of the day.

In conclusion, therefore, the best advice I can offer to my younger auditors is to look to the old masters in order to discover the faults of the living painters, and to every style to discover the faults of every other style,—and above all, to look to Nature for the instruction that Art cannot give.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE four pictures of Mr. Inskip in this Exhibition will not justify the attempts made by indiscreet friends to elevate the painter or his style by sarcasms directed against more legitimate Art. The painter himself—who is a man of some taste—does in one respect politically enough. The slight and sketchy character of his pictures conceals his efforts in grappling with the difficulties of a defective education. Nos. 119, 124, 136, and 253 are not proofs of power as pictures—but can rather be regarded only as designs for such.

Mr. James Holland—who can do so well, and did, at the Suffolk Street Gallery last year—has misrepresented himself here. *Near the Rialto* (2) and *The Greek Church, Venice* (19), are too slight in colour and negligent in drawing—and display the palette too sensuously. *The Interior of the Church of St. Raque, Lisbon* (177), is deep-toned and richly coloured; presenting one of the ceremonies of the Romish ritual in all its gorgeousness. In the view *On the Grand Canal* (27), it would have been more satisfactory to have seen more genuineness—more of Mr. Holland himself and less reminiscence of Turner.

Mr. Bright's *Bit* (11), from a sketch near Bolton, Yorkshire, has some pearly tinting; and though wanting in subject, is less artificial than his pictures of last year.

Of the four contributions of Mr. F. Goodall, *The Irish Piper* (84) is the best. It is full of appropriate incident. The several inmates of the dwelling are discriminated with nice gradation of feeling and interest.—The colour generally is more true, however, and there is less redness or foxiness in the flesh tints in *Gypsies Resting* (3), as it might be called, though it is not named in the Catalogue. The warmth and redness would yet have borne some breaking up in the half tints with cooler materials. The most picturesque of this artist's works here is *The Halt at the Well* (97). It is of southern character; and comprehends an assemblage of forms that prove the painter to have aspirations beyond a bog cabin. There is a promise of elevation of thought. Here and there are passages of beauty in form and colour showing that Mr. Goodall soars above the delineation of Irish low life. *Lady Peveril, with Julian and Alice Bridgenorth*—from 'Peveril of the Peak,'—(360) is the least important of the four.

It is gratifying to see in the productions of Mr. E. W. Cooke this year a return to the more sober look of Nature that first won for him reputation and emolument. In his five pictures he has displayed much variety both in choice and treatment. The value of early training—the habit of correctness which drawing and etching in youth confer—is seen in every separate work. The tendency of such study, however, is to over-individualize—to observe particulars and lose generalities—to be trivial and lose breadth. In the *View from the Garden of the Vigna Calimontana, Rome, looking towards Tivoli* (21), this attention to minutiae is in place in the accurate delineation of the botanic forms of the aloe, prickly pear, and spreading acanthus there growing luxuriantly. In the picture of *A Zuyder Zee Botter working off a Sand Bank—Marken in the distance* (54) it is to be wished that the artist had better contrasted the direction of the dark mass of cloud with the flapping sails of the vessel against which it is relieved. Though the wind may be urged as justification, the effect is so trite and the cause so obvious as to detract from the merit of a work in which there are otherwise

many passages of great beauty. There is beauty of drawing in *Cannes, South of France* (223)—where every form has had the painter's special care. Though less powerful in effect *Zaandam, Holland* (361), and *The Rock and Royal Castle of Dumbarton on the Clyde* (389)—one of the artist's largest works—are additional proofs of conscientiousness of intention and patient integrity of performance. They may be consulted with advantage by many painters of marine subjects here: and although largeness of style and more force in effect would heighten the value of Mr. Cooke's operations, experience will bring with it such confidence as will enable him to add these to his other qualities. They had better be the result of a strong conviction than an affectation or a hasty yielding to conventional propriety.

Another *View of Scheveling Beach* (37) is from the pencil of old John Wilson; and always welcome are his transcripts of these coasting bits—on either side of the channel. The present picture is an additional proof of his close observation of Nature.—A worthy scion of the house is the author of *Etretat, on the Coast of Normandy* (378), John Wilson, jun. He has produced a most agreeable study of such matters. *Scottish Peasants, Sunday Evening* (55), by Alexander Fraser, represents one of those peaceful domestic scenes which though they be repeated for the thousandth time fail not in making their impression. Mr. Fraser has produced a pictorial sermon. *Setters on the Moors*, by T. Woodward (50) shows Nature on a larger scale than we are used to from his hand—and with increased success. It is placed in contrast with a picture of *Greyhounds*, by Kiorboe (60). The first is a picture full of action—the last of repose. They are two of the best and most original animal pieces in the Exhibition.

Young Stanfield has two pictures in the North Room, a scene at *Ambleuse, near Boulogne* (57) and *Pegwell Bay* (152), that show a slow but sure advance. The last is the best. Hitherto he has wisely confined himself to exercises on forms of limited character, simple and small in extent—acquiring thus a mastery over the material with which he has to deal. Every succeeding Exhibition evinces steady improvement; and his knowledge, it may be safely inferred, will both justify and enable him now extending his canvas and noting down more important circumstances.

A. Clint's *View near Yarmouth, Isle of Wight* (66), is full of the truth with which he records a scene from Nature—but not improved by the complex forms of clouds, which want repose, betray indecision of purpose, and give an artificial air to a scene that should have worn a simple and ingenuous look.

The Correspondent (73), by A. T. Derby, is an excellent study in profile of a young lady writing. The artist has imparted an air of gentility to form and expression—and the colour well sustains the idea. Though small, this picture ought no more to be overlooked than Mr. Frost's *Syrinx* (188)—an excellent little study of the nude female form. The head has much beauty.—C. Burlison's *Italian Shepherd Boy* (78) is a life-sized study of a head, also deserving of attention.

In *The Roadside Inn—a Rival* (76), by T. Brooks, the painter has shown his admiration of Mr. Frith: as in its immediate neighbour, *The First of September* (77), by H. Jutsum, we perceive an appreciation of Mr. Lee.

Mr. Phillips—whose clever picture at the Royal Academy last year it was so agreeable to speak favourably of—again demands notice for his little picture entitled *The Lily of St. Leonard's* (99). This is a female head of much beauty and painted with delicacy—as is also Mr. H. O'Neill's study called *Isabella* (110), which was overlooked when speaking of others by him last week.

Mr. J. D. Wingfield is hardly as successful in *The English Garden, Fontainebleau* (153) as we have known him here on former occasions. The subject was a good one; but the work is deficient in sharpness and precision. *Windermere, Calm Evening* (85) was no subject for his pencil. *Italian Peasant Girl* (173) is not at all in his line: and *The Beau* (391) has figures on a scale for which he appears not so well fitted as for those subjects and dimensions in which he has appeared formerly to so much advantage. His 'Views of Hampton Court' will be always favourably remembered.

Mr. Creswick's *Afternoon in Autumn* (287) is the most complete realization among the three pictures which he has here—one of those unpromising, bald-looking subjects which in few other hands than his could have been invested with interest. The ordinary effect of an afternoon at this season of the year is given with the truth which he imparts to all he touches, and with a quality of tone in this special instance almost beyond himself. The incident of the boy coming down the pathway preceded by his dog, which, tarrying, turns round to regard its master, while it is a touch of nature serves well to give perspective depth to the scene; and what it might want in subject is amply compensated for by the fidelity and taste employed in its rendering.—One of those secluded spots with rock and wood and water which Mr. Creswick so much delights to linger over he has here by the pretext of a figure seated on a rugged mass of stone entitled *Dorothea* (448). The site is scarcely in accordance with the poet,—though the spot is one for retreat. The picture is, nevertheless, successful: and more to our taste than *A Glade in "Merrie Sherwood"*—possibly because there is more in the former to give play to the imaginings. The last professes to be no other than a verbatim study from the actual forms as the painter saw them. In all Mr. Creswick does there is a charm. He sees Nature with a refined taste—and whatever he touches he never gives us a coarse version of. The variety which these three pictures display proves how diversely he can apply his power.

Othello (141), by Mr. J. Gilbert, is another of those instances in which the facility of the designer wants subjecting to discipline to make it fit for the purpose of pictorial employment. As a designer for our ordinary periodicals no one betrays more invention and a greater sense of the picturesque in the variety of incidents which he has to treat—occurrences of the day, dramatic scenes, &c.—than this gentleman does: but to fine art a power of concentration and selection is essential,—which such a habit does not immediately qualify for. We have no desire to be over-critical with a work which we would dispose ourselves to consider as an experiment; but had the personification of the characters, the expression and the drawing engaged the painter's attention more than the armour which the Moor wears, the jewels, the casket, or the still life, he would have taken a more sensible view of what was necessary for the accomplishment of his task.

Mr. F. C. Lewis's *Devonshire; a Scene near the Birth-Place of Sir Joshua Reynolds* (125), for aught in it that marks proximity to the ancient and now-disfranchised borough where the celebrated painter first saw light, might as well be called after any of those Devonian rivers by whose margin a ramble reveals dozens of like scenes. The skilful engraver would better serve his reputation by adhering to that *burin* which has helped him so much to achieve renown for British art than by dealing with paint and canvas in a department where he must be content to remain so far behind.

Dredgers on the Medway off Gillingham (112) informs us of Mr. T. S. Robins's ability to convey precisely that quality in the oil material which has given a character to his drawings in water-colours. The water in this picture is peculiarly successful.

Mr. T. M. Joy's *Gil Blas bearing Presents from the Prince of Spain to Catalina* (187), is a clever sketch for a picture, not to be overlooked.—*The Village Forge* (205), by R. Brandard, with all its detail, care, and chiar-oscuro, would have satisfied infinitely more had it been less like what might have been expected at the hands of Mr. F. Goodall.

There is much merit in Mr. G. S. Reynolds's *Market People at a Printseller's Window* (255). The painter has thus significantly alluded to the growing taste for Art among the lower classes.—How and when Mr. C. Branwhite contrived to study what he denominates *The Bird Trap, Frost Scene* (258) enters not within the possibility of our conceptions. That it is truthful cannot be denied; that it must have been painted from the facts—from the scene itself—do so, is more than possible. If so, how, in such a temperature as the season bespeaks the hands could work and perform his task we know not. This is a high compliment to Mr. Branwhite's picture.

A new name is attached to an illustration of Scott (267)—*The Meeting of Quentin Durward and Isabella*,

Countess of the care of those just drawing art. Another Hayer, j. of Virgil power; and Venetian principal ground and the music that its opportunity. Mr. E. A. J. J. works at Colours were last season those incision long receding all medium revelation or bespeaks to which, it is induces. Mr. E. A. Painters (3) escape the which it w at and m turesque m entered into some time even to the painted it. A Ralme wanted mo While the gel in the able by th of velocity. out through painter's p forms impo The Cap Hareem, w coffee—is f There is e of colour as distinguish. FIVE-AN weighing 7, nted to scription se by his frie view at M R consists len, four ic for the tabl plates. T imagination but there and artistic Frank Ho Alfre Bro is Hindú taste, as w service. T Canton, in grand cen though on taine and y comels, an Gates of S A portra the Rajah as being e of Mr. Gr representative individual. The we belonging t by auction

Countess of Croye, by C. H. Stanley, jun. It shews the care and timidity ever observable in the work of those just breaking ground. There is some good drawing and expression, and promise of future things.

Another aspirant for public favour is Mr. A. C. Hayter, jun., in *Neapolitan Peasants near the Tomb of Virgil* (101). The figures are designed with power; and there is a feeling for colour which the Venetian studies appear to have inspired. To the principal female we must take exception. The background and distance convey the notion of reality; and the making-up of the picture induces the belief that its author has more in him, which time and opportunity alone can bring out.

If not an aspirant, at least to these walls new, is Mr. J. J. Jenkins in *Precious Moments* (414)—whose works at the New Society of Painters in Water Colours we had occasion to remark on so favourably last season. His present picture represents one of those incidents in British life, which the painter's residence in Brittany has furnished: and the oil medium does not appear any impediment to the revelation of his accustomed ability. The performance bespeaks that disposition to transparency in tone which, it is to be remarked, a practice in water colours induces.

Mr. E. A. Goodall's *Interior of a Walnut-Oil Mill, Painters* (354) is placed in such a situation as might escape the observation of which it is worthy—and which it will well repay. Displaying fully the whole art and mystery of the process, it was a very picturesque matter for the pencil; and Mr. Goodall has entered into the delineation with true relish. At the same time that it is carefully drawn in every part—even to the particularization of the screw—he has painted it up most cleverly.

A *Railway Recollection* (289), by Frank Williams, wanted more than human power to realize its truth. While the main incident, a *tête-à-tête* with a pretty girl in the carriage of a locomotive train, was expressible by the painter's art,—the idea of transition—of velocity—is not conveyed in the landscape looked through the window. It is an effect beyond the painter's power;—scarcely describable in words,—in forms impossible.

The Captive (312), by Mr. Fisher,—a girl in a Harzen, waited on by a black slave, who hands her coffee—is expressive of much talent in the painter. There is feeling for beauty and grace, notwithstanding errors in proportion and drawing. A good sense of colour and appropriate and descriptive execution distinguish the work.

FINE-ART Gossip.—The service of silver plate weighing 7,000 ounces and valued at 6,000l. presented to the Earl of Ellenborough, as the inscription sets forth, "as a mark of respect and esteem by his friends and admirers in India," is now on view at Messrs. Hunt & Roskell's in Bond Street. It consists of a grand centrepiece, two candelabra, four ice-pails, four dessert-stands, two ornaments for the table, three dozen soup and eight dozen table plates. There is of course a good deal of what was imagination exhibited in so extensive a service,—but there is also something that is at once novel and artistic. The general design was made by Mr. Frank Howard and the modelling executed by Mr. Alfred Brown. The four dessert-stands, each with its Hindî girl, are extremely pretty—and, to our taste, as works of art fairly worth the rest of the service. The three views of Calcutta, Cabul and Canton, introduced into the lower panels of the "grand centre" have a pleasing effect. The animals, too, are nicely treated; and the whole display, though only in silver, wears, with its palms, plantains and mango trees, its prostrate elephants and camels, an eastern magnificence peculiarly appropriate. We looked in vain for any allusion to the Gates of Somnauth.

A portrait of his Excellency James Brooke, Esq., the Rajah of Sarawak, painted by Mr. Grant, is now at Messrs. Colnaghi's, in Pall Mall East, previous to its being engraved in the mezzotint style. It is one of Mr. Grant's best male heads—and a well-drawn representation of this intelligent and distinguished individual.

The well-known collection of engraved portraits belonging to the late Rev. Thomas Russell were sold by auction on the 1st inst. and ten following week

days by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson of Piccadilly. They were arranged into above 1,500 lots. The following are some of the more curious articles—with the prices they produced. Lot 56, Edward VI., engraved by S. Pass, 2l. 8s. Lot 65, Queen Elizabeth, an oval, by Cock, 2l. 6s. Lot 78, Frederick and Elizabeth of Bohemia, by Kiefer, 2l. 14s. Lot 174, Thomas Bruce, Earl of Elgin, by Faithorne, in the first state, 4l. 14s. Lot 254, Bishop Dolben, Bishop Fell, and Dr. Allestry, a rare mezzotint, by Loggan, 3l. 16s. Lot 352, Bishop Stillingfleet, proof, by White, 2l. 1s. Lot 381, Dr. Isaac Barrow, by Loggan, an early proof, 6l. 10s. Lot 777, John Goodhand Holt, of Gristlehurst, by Loggan, 2l. 10s. Lot 781, John La Motte, citizen of London, by Faithorne, brilliant impression, 3l. Lot 798, Sir W. Paston, an oval, by Faithorne, 2l. 17s. Lot 810, Sir Francis Rous, Provost of Eton, an oval, by Faithorne, 2l. Lot 825, James Stainer, merchant, an oval, by Hollar, 2l. 4s. Lot 1,000, William Camden, proof, by White, 4l. 11s. Lot 1,226, Thomas Killigrew, by Faithorne, 2l. 3s. Lot 1,238, Nicholas Murford, in a cloak, 2l. 3s. Lot 1,247, William Shakespeare, second impression, 3l. Lot 1,261, Taylor, the Water Poet, by Cockson, 3l. 10s. Lot 1,344, Countess of Pembroke, by Simon Pass, 3l. 1s. Lot 1,398, Erasmus, by Albert Durer, 3l. 3s. Lot 1,429, Dibdin's Bibliographical Tour, 3 vols., on large paper, 26l. A collection of Hogarth's Works, in 2 large volumes, sold for 32l.

The unsold pictures and sketches of the late William Simson of Edinburgh, passed under the hammer of Christie & Manson, on Thursday the 10th and Friday the 11th inst. The finished works sold at very reduced prices.—The Arrest of William Tell, a very elaborate picture, was knocked down for 34 guineas; 'Alfred dividing his Loaf' for 20 guineas; 'The Temptation of St. Anthony' for 9 guineas; 'The Death of the Princes in the Tower' for 14 guineas and a half; 'The Spanish Physician' for 10 guineas; and the 'Return of the Prodigal' for 8 guineas. The landscapes sold better. A Scottish 'Landscape with Cows and a Girl Knitting' brought 18 guineas and a half; a 'View on the Esk near Rosslyn' (a small picture exquisitely coloured) 14 guineas and a half; and a scene at Weststead, Suffolk, with Sheep, 12 guineas and a half. Mr. Simson had a fine observation for colour; and his great strength was in landscape. He possessed a rich bold pencil, with an eye attentive to Nature and a memory supplied with many graceful recollections of what the greater masters had accomplished in this line. A small oil copy after Rubens, (the centre of the ceiling at Whitehall) sold for 2l. 8s.—a very insignificant sum considering its spirit and colour, and above all its extreme fidelity. The drawings, though slight, sold extremely well.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE—GRAND OPERA.
Last Night but Two.
Last Night of the Marriage of Figaro, for the Benefit of Mr. Whitworth.

On MONDAY NEXT, Feb. 21, (being the Last Night but Two of the Season,) the Performance will be for the Benefit of Mr. Whitworth. The Entertainments will commence with Mozart's Opera, THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO, being the last time it can be performed. After which a CONCERT will be given. To be followed by the GRAND SCENE from LA SONNAMBULA; concluding with the NEW DIVERTISSEMENT, in which Mdlle. Fuccho will appear.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE OPERA will be FRIDAY NEXT, Feb. 23th, and the Season terminate on MONDAY, Feb. 25th, with a Grand BAL MASQUÉ.

WEIPPERT'S SOIRÉES D'ANSTANTES, PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOMS, MONDAY, February 21, and every Monday, except Feb. 22.
A Subscriber of Two Guineas is entitled to an admission for himself and Lady any Six Nights during the Season. Single Tickets 7s. each. WeipPERT's Palace Band as usual, conducted by himself. N.C. Mr. Corrie. The Refreshments and Supper by Mr. Payne, of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres. Commence at Eleven, conclude at Three. Tickets and Programmes at 21, Soho-square.

MR. LUCAS respectfully announces the ANNUAL SERIES OF FOUR MUSICAL EVENINGS for CLASSICAL CHAMBER COMPOSITIONS will take place at his Residence, No. 54, BERNERS-STREET, on alternate Wednesdays, commencing March 15.—Subscription Tickets, one Guinea each, to be had only of Mr. Lucas, 54, Berners street.

Faust. By M. Berlioz. Parts 1 and 2.
Not only our well-known interest in every attempt to extend the boundaries of orchestral music, but the importance and extent of this *Cantata* and the progress on the part of the composer which we fancy it reveals, are reasons for our returning to the Concert of M. Berlioz. The subject-matter of his essay is,

in itself, enticing to curiosity. The 'History of Dr. Faustus,' like the legends of the Giant-Slayer, and of Cinderella, and of Griselda, and some half a score besides, will continue to tempt creative fancy so long as Art is Art;—but that it contains depths which no musician can sound may, we think, be asserted no less confidently. Spohr, in setting it opera-wise, has avoided these to the extreme, by taking the childish magic and vulgar witch-work of the tale as the basis of his labours: seldom attempting to mark character, and never availing himself of the broad contrasts and simple situations which Goethe's drama might have suggested. More daring than the *Kapellmeister* of Cassel, M. Berlioz has studiously kept close to the 'Faust';—attempted to illustrate the idea thereof,—followed to some extent the progress of the scenes,—and used, where it was possible, a paraphrase of Goethe's text.* He has not shrunk from the weary melancholy of the Student who findeth that "all is vanity," nor from the active and bitter irony of the Demon Consoler and Teacher; he has done his best not merely to bring out in strong contrast their two characters, but also to show the Pilgrim of Life under the influences of Nature (as in the fields), of old Faith (when the Easter Hymn is heard), of vulgar joviality (as in Auerbach's cellar), and of fantastic sorcery (as in the dream with the Sylph Chorus).

The composition opens with a *Pastorale* for the orchestra, throughout which *Faust*, in the meadows, soliloquizes; his monody being neither recitative accompanied nor *aria*—difficult to speak and not easy to follow; since the ear cannot fail to be arrested by the rich orchestration of a tuneable and flowing subject, repeated with one or two graceful modulations. The voice pauses; and the instrumental music passes into a *pensant rondo* and dance. The subject sung by the *alto* voices and taken in a subsequent verse by the tenors, with chorus, is quaintly rustic and animated; though hard to execute neatly and with sprightliness, especially when the words are English. Then comes an interpolation—a military scene, by way of contrast, or for the purpose of introducing a Hungarian air, the history of which M. Berlioz has pleasantly confided to the public in one of his letters to the *Journal des Débats*. This is the Ragoczy March—one of those wild and stirring tunes which Austria would fain destroy, if that could be;—failing which, paternal care forbids that it shall be printed. M. Berlioz has arranged the air for his orchestra with great skill and spirit—working up the climax to a force utterly distinct from crude and vulgar noise, and which is only to be attained by one like himself intimately acquainted with the art of blending instrumental sounds.

The second part of the *Cantata* contains matter much more important. The opening is an orchestral movement in the fugued style—through which, again, *Faust* has to declaim part of the recitative in which he resolves to end his misery by self-destruction; being arrested by the Easter Hymn sung in the church hard by. The scene offers good scope for a declamatory singer; and the commencement of the church music is grand and imposing. Towards the middle of the movement, the Hymn seems to become vague and aimless. It recovers form and order shortly; but the passage for the trebles at the close is at once more secular and more irrelevant than we like. The chorus singers, however, were heavy and coarse in their execution, and thus, perhaps, the right effect was in part left undeveloped. After a few words from *Faust*, whose heart is softened by the strain, *Mephistophiles* appears like a flash of lurid fire. The recitative for his introduction is satanic and sarcastic to a wish. The two "are straight agreed";—and by a touch of the wand, *Faust's* solitude and devotion are exchanged for Auerbach's cellar and the rough carouse of the Leipzig students. Their song in chorus is full of tipsy spirit, but with one or two needless oddities of rhythm; and too fierce and sinister in its humour for our notion of the mirth of the vacant, coarse, yet not ill-natured beings whose revelry was found so unsatisfactory. Next, *Brander* sings a ditty, which is strange and bold without running into vulgar common-place. With true Idyllic courtesy, *Mephistophiles*

* While on this subject we may mention, at the English paraphraser's request, that the *libretto* circulated in Drury Lane had never been corrected for the press, but was in the state of rough proof. This to account for the many absurd and unintelligible lines which it contained.

replies in 'The Song of the Flea,' which M. Berlioz has set to a fresh, taking, sarcastic melody, with some excellent varieties in the instrumentation. It failed to produce its due effect, because Mr. Weiss sang it as a piece of solemn history and not as a fable meant to be piquant. The rapidity of the tempo renders the nicest enunciation and the utmost vocal flexibility requisite; but as a piece of irony the music is at once unique and pleasing. Indeed, we do not know anything in tone resembling the whole part of *Mephistophiles*, except perhaps that of *Lysistrat* in Weber's 'Euryanthe.'

From Auerbach's cellar the scene changes to the Elbe Meadow; where the Student, lulled into an enchanted slumber by a chorus of sylphs and gnomes, is tempted with pleasures less gross than those of drunken revelry,—and shown the vision of *Margaret* 'walking alone.' This situation is exquisitely treated.—The instrumental music which announces the change of scene and the approach of voluptuous enchantment is richly sweet and ingenious; though, again, the fullness and beauty of the orchestral part render it difficult for the invitation by *Mephistophiles* to 'come out' with due prominence. It is worth noting that the leading phrase* is identical with the leading phrase of the opening of Mendelssohn's 'Meerestille' overture—a group of notes so simple as entirely to preclude the idea of borrowing. The motive of the chorus of Sylphs in its flow of cantilena reminds us of the *largo* of the duet between *Valentine* and *Marcel* in 'Les Huguenots.' The embroidery, however, by which it is adorned is of the richest and most fantastic quality—now a murmur of voices, in groups of six semiquavers, passing from part to part, while the strain flows mellifluously on—now an airy accompaniment of scales on the stringed instruments muted; until at last the motion subsides, and the harmony swells out into a close of deep and delicious concord. The dance of Sylphs without voices, which follows, is wrought on the same subjects, treated in accelerated tempo, and with an entirely new tissue of fancies for the orchestra. Use is here made of the peculiar sounds (not *arpeggio* passages) of the harp, with a grace and felicity hardly to be admired enough. The act closes with yet another change of scene and mood, in the double chorus of soldiers and students going home to the town:—a clever and spirited *finale*, though the ear was indifferent to it after enjoying so rare and delicate a pleasure as that of the fiery music.

Extended as is the above sketch, it must not be received as an analysis of a piece of musical composition,—but merely as recording our impressions of the composer's intentions and of some effects produced in his fulfilment of the same. We should be glad of future opportunities of reconsideration; but fear that these cannot be very numerous. Whatever be the advances made in executive skill by orchestras and choruses, the music of 'Faust' must be always found very difficult even in its present form,—and hardly to be executed by heart on any terms whatever. If M. Berlioz arranges his cantata for the stage, as has been promised, he may once in his life hear it executed according to his liking in some court theatre, where time, pains and money are at his disposal; but such a solitary success is tantalizing in proportion as it is complete,—since, when it is over, what remains to the Master but a longing for its repetition with means and materials totally beyond attainment a second time? "Fit" presentment and "few" is not what writers of Opera can be contented with, or ought to covet. The theatrical public—which com-

* The numerous and happy instances in which modern descriptive musicians have adopted a like device to indicate character, humour, or situation, would make a pleasant chapter if assembled. Thus, in Weber's 'Euryanthe,' whenever *Eglantine* appears, a serpentine, malicious, confused phrase of notes recurs. Thus Meyerbeer's *Marcel* is labelled by some scraps of old Lutheran psalmody. One of the quaintest examples, however, is to be found in the Midsummer Night's Dream music of Mendelssohn. The enchantment of *Titania* is accompanied by half-a-dozen of minims, forming the simplest possible phrase; while the music accompanying her disenchantment, just before she exclaims

"My Oberon! what visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamoured of an ass!" is the same group of notes reversed or *spell backwards*. So little has this a forced or premeditated effect, that we have never seen it mentioned; nor should we have discovered it had it not been pointed out to us by the Composer himself,—who adverted to his own ingenuity (not to say conceit) with an air half archly complacent, half deprecating.

prises the best intelligences—is, also, a universal one, extending far and wide beyond the limits of any given palace-circle, or metropolis. Not to speak of the lighter works by the Italians, in no operatic theatre can 'Don Juan' or 'Fidelio' be utterly spoiled—in none that we have ever entered could the music of M. Berlioz be adequately given. If, then, he meditate writing for the theatre,—if he really entertain that desire for progress which is evidenced in this 'Faust' music,—we think he would do well to lay to heart his tendencies to accumulate and to enrich, whenever their consequence is an indifference to the ease and pleasure of those who are to present his work to the public. M. Berlioz will always command the attention of the cultivated and the ingenious; inasmuch as there is much more in his writings than a perpetual study for oddity and strain after effect,—an element of sincere and genuine individuality, neither Italian nor German, telling of time, place and nationality influencing an audacious and individual mind. But he can hardly look for more than a passing fame so long as the execution of his music demands his presence in *propria persona*. Failing this, there will be few conductors and choirs willing to grapple with works so "full to overflowing" of every discouragement to careful study and difficulty of complete performance as the 'Faust.'

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—For the third and last time we advert to the troubles of this Society, being called upon to notice a book circulated by Mr. Surman, entitled 'A Reply to the Charges preferred against the Conductor of the Society.' Of the larger portion of this work we have no occasion to speak; since it treats of matters personal, financial and controversial,—interesting to the Officers and the Committee, but in no respect important to the public. Quarrels based upon the respective powers and profits of the antagonistic parties have nothing to do with our point at issue with the Society; which has always been this,—that the concerts have not been well conducted nor the Society ever in a healthy state,—that the amateurs of whom the Society is professedly composed have not improved,—and that such imperfect effects as have been produced are ascribable to professional assistance. Credit, doubtless, is due to Mr. Surman, as to every one else, in proportion as his zeal and influence have kept up the numbers of the Society. But a Conductor as we understand the word would hardly have stood at his desk for so many years when no better means and discipline were attainable than the following, as described in the 'Reply' before us.—

In our orchestra we have amateurs, some of whom hardly know how to tune their instruments, and scarcely look at a music-book from one concert to another. But they have been admitted members, and I don't know who has any right to find fault with them! * * * We have no one to teach the instrumentalists to bow and tune their instruments, or the vocalists to scale, and it is only a wonder, as Mr. Perry says (!), that they do as well as they do. We can never get a full rehearsal of band, chorus and principals.

The above is fuller confirmation of our frequent remarks on the inefficiency of machinery and want of discipline unhappily obvious in the performances of the *Sacred Harmonic Society* than we had looked to receive from Conductor and Leader. But Mr. Surman does not appear to have an idea that his own confession involves a censure. So far from this, he winds up his justification with testimonials from some fifty of the profession, who have been engaged under him, expressive of their admiration and confidence. Why will musicians put themselves so very incautiously upon paper? Some of the compliments, it is true, are rather naïf. For instance, Madame Caradori, as one of "we singers, having our backs to you," declares that she never saw Mr. Surman beat time! Mr. Braham and Miss Dolby think Mr. Surman "competent to conduct an amateur society." Mr. Phillips (though, like Madame Caradori, one of "we singers") has seen Mr. Surman,—and declares his beating to be sounder than that "of many who proclaim themselves conductors, but who invariably prove to us their ignorance of that particular branch."—adding that "no foreign conductor he has ever met with has the remotest idea of the style or reverence for the meaning" of the music of Handel! Mr. Cubitt is sorry to find that Mr. Surman's "good nature in not noticing the many slips that take place in the orchestra has caused remarks to be made injurious to" his

"reputation as a conductor;" adding, "I think, after so many years, you ought to know how to conduct." This is unquestionable truth! Mr. G. F. Davis accepts two engagements, and acknowledges the "business-like manner in which 'Elijah' was conducted." Mr. Alfred Nicholson was only "perplexed by the leader (Mr. Perry) persisting in playing or beating in opposition to the time you were giving with the *bâton*." Mr. Gardiner, of Leicester, who was once in the Hall, "far back," and did not know who conducted, declares that "those that carp are incompetent to judge"—and recalls how he carried matters "with a high hand" at Derby in 1827 and 1828, when a "plot was laid" to "blow him up" and eleven new choruses which he introduced from Beethoven's Posthumous Mass, &c. Mr. Gratton Cooke "finds as comfortable at Exeter Hall as at the Ancient Concerts." Mr. Hatton quotes a lady, "no mean authority," in substantiation of his admiration.—We leave the public to judge of the praise conveyed in the above testimonials. Were its amount past dispute, however, testimonials must avail little with those, like ourselves, who remember how they have been assailed by certificates of this trashy invention or the other worthless "Preceptor" given (more 's the pity!) by musicians of eminence, either from over-facility or want of moral courage, or contempt for the *litera scripta*, or—self-interest. But no testimonial of performer could weigh against our personal experiences as part of the audience: and these we have too often expressed (though delicately, from feeling that the case required forbearance) to need once again to repeat them.

The copy of a minute passed at a special general meeting of this Society on Tuesday last has also been handed to us, by which it appears that after five months of investigation Mr. Surman is "removed from the post of conductor."

From all these jars and wranglings we turn with pleasure to speak of the appearance of Miss Wallace, (sister of the composer); who sang, for the first time, in 'The Creation,' on Thursday. This lady has a good *soprano* voice,—powerful and rich rather than flexible. But her obvious timidity makes it desirable that she should be "remanded" for a future hearing ere the Critic pronounce a final opinion on her "present state and future prospects."

CONCERTS OF CHAMBER MUSIC.—On Tuesday last Mr. W. S. Bennett opened the season worthily, by devoting his first evening to the music of Mendelssohn. The selection consisted of the pianoforte Quartett in *minor*, the pianoforte Duet in *violinello* in *flat* the second pianoforte Trio—some from among the 'Lieder':—one of the pianoforte Preludes and Fugues and a movement from 'The Temperaments.' The pianoforte part of the Quartett has not often been better played, except by its writer; and it is music to tax the finger as well as the feeling of any pianist. The Prelude and Fugue, too, were given with excellent smoothness. We liked less the reading of the Duet. This should be brilliant and decided; in the middle movement quaintly expressive, but nowhere sentimental; whereas both the pianoforte and violinello indulged in languorous and *rallentandi* alien to the spirit of their author, whose own playing was memorable for vivacity without caricature in his quick movements, and earnestness and significance clear of all affectation or—

sweet, reluctant, amorous delay

in those of slower tempo. Since the present is the time for setting tradition, we shall never withhold remonstrance when we hear the composer's intentions mistaken—be the motive (as in this case) over-solicitude or (as in other instances we could mention) over-confidence. Thus also, Mr. Locke, who some twelvemonth ago used to sing 'By Ceila's arbut' very well, must not be allowed to drag his tempo to interpolate little Italian graces as he did on Tuesday last without being reminded that few modes of performance were more distasteful to the author than this. Messrs. Blagrove, Dando, and Lucas were the players on the stringed instruments.

Mr. Lindsay Sloper's programme was very attractive. The Duet *Sonata* in *minor*, by Sebastian Bach (firmly played by himself and Mr. Willy), was new to us, and as delightful as new. To use our

epithet in this composition being of a more surprising and surprising nature than we rate to times where Truly, the for all good deserve this. It is of these of these reprinted, most nature, which we have Beethoven ranks around Mendelssohn this he was Hill, and by Chopin are bound Mr. Bennett's Spring K transposed loses effect major to the taste shown advancement cases it audience.

OLYMPIC The Hon presenting dom perfor is at once, feed in its The greater is want of racters and Shakspeare modification gested to a poet. O clearly got rates — pa frequently performed the gentler ented a re portrait. N position th it is mark is as courc is, is esse homely K shew—on Miss Glyn from the wedding-dra to with its sur to its under-c both her ar simulated also the ap Miss Glyn the incident be confess spirit—and and laughc nestness in at least n were perha making wa act, the mo are resum with that pected from word, the by genuine startled, b audience. On Thur according exhibiting the comm

epithet in another sense, the *Siciliana* and *Adagio* of this composition bear no date; their forms of phrase being of the freshest, and their modulations artful and surprising yet never far-fetched. But what are we still more what are our neighbours, the French, who rate British connoisseurship so cheap—to say of times when a *Passacaglia* by Couperin gets encored? Truly, that there is a day of reckoning and reward for all good and true things! And our young professors deserve honour no less than our audiences when their research leads them so far out of the beaten track as this. It speaks well for our publishers, too, that some of these excellent old compositions are about to be reprinted. The air of the *Passacaglia* is one of the most natural and naïf melodies in the minor key which we recollect. Besides these, Mr. Sloper played Beethoven's *Sonata*, Op. 101—which, fine as it is, ranks among the master's *caviare* compositions—and Mendelssohn's *Pianoforte Quartett* in *B* minor. In this he was excellently supported by Messrs. Willy, Hill, and Hausmann. After these came Mazurkas by Chopin and *Studies* by the concert-giver.—We are bound to say that Miss Dolby's singing (here as at Mr. Bennett's *soirée*) of the 'Night Song' and the 'Spring Song,' from Mendelssohn's last set, both transposed, is a clever mistake. The latter especially shows effect when tamed from so brilliant a key as *A* major to the duller register of *F*. On the whole, the taste shown in these two *Soirées* speaks well for the advancement made by our native artists. In both cases it was properly recognized by an attentive audience.

OLYMPIC.—On Wednesday, 'Tobin's Comedy of The Honey-moon' was revived, for the purpose of presenting Miss Glyn as *Juliana*. This drama is seldom performed except on occasions of the kind. It is at once, unless adequately cast, too poetic and reduced in its comic elements for general appreciation. The greatest obstacle, however, to its popularity is its want of original conception—so many of the characters and situations seeming to be borrowed from Shakespeare. There is, at the same time, sufficient modification in the working out of the ideas suggested to entitle the author to distinct recognition as a poet. On the present occasion the play was evidently got up in an *impromptu* style; the subordinates—particularly a Mr. Taylor, in *Balthazar*—frequently requiring the prompter's aid. Mr. Stuart performed the *Duke Aranza*; and though lacking the gentlemanly grace of its first representative, presented a rough and vigorous copy if not an original portrait. Nothing can be more erroneous than the supposition that this character is but another Petruchio. It is marked with lineaments quite distinct. Aranza is as courteous as Petruchio is coarse. Tobin's *Juliana*, too, is essentially distinguished from Shakespeare's homely Katherine. She is a proud lady, not a shrew—one who requires to be humbled, not tamed. Miss Glyn showed her possession of the character from the commencement. Her entry in her wedding-dress was effective, and evinced her restoration to self-confidence. The first cottage-scene, with its surprise, its disdain, its rage, its sarcasm, and its under-current of meaning, was well sustained by both her and Mr. Stuart. The second, with *Juliana's* simulated repentance, was over-acted,—as was also the appeal to the *Mock Duke*. In like manner Miss Glyn's tragic energy somewhat exaggerated the incidents of the peasant *Lopez's* visit; but it must be confessed that she threw into the whole scene much spirit—and by turns commanded both the applause and laughter of the audience. There was an earnestness in her indignation and contempt which was at least natural—but they lacked *hauteur*—and were perhaps too rustic. The dance at the merry-making was gone through with spirit. In the fifth act, the more stately qualities of a blank-verse drama are resumed; and the poetic dialogue was delivered with that careful appreciation which might be expected from a pupil of the Kemble school. In a word, the performance throughout was distinguished by genuine feeling and a peculiar *naïveté* which at first startled, but gradually won on the sympathies of, the audience.

On Thursday the tragedy of 'Richard the Third,' according to Cibber, was revived for the purpose of exhibiting Mr. Brooke in the hero. We must at the commencement protest against the bad taste of

restoring this presumptuous and justly discarded version of Shakspearian drama to the stage. The example of the management at Sadler's Wells in presenting the pure text has, we are happy to find, penetrated into the provinces with Mr. Betty; who performs the original play, and has received the approbation both of his audiences and of the press in consequence.

Had Mr. Brooke on this occasion followed the same track, he would have more surely conciliated the good opinion of the judicious. Let it be, however, recollected that it was in this wretched arrangement of Cibber's that Edmund Kean won his laurels in the character of *Gloster*; and that it is evidently Mr. Brooke's desire to tread in that great actor's steps. But it is dangerous thus to institute comparisons with a former master. These long-cherished memories have become ideals. Purified of such imperfections as clung to the actual manifestation, we dwell but on the excellencies of the departed artist. Mr. Brooke, it must be confessed, is a brilliant executant—with far greater natural advantages than Kean had, both in voice and person; but he has none of Kean's spiritual power. Eminently fitted for passages of passion and poetry, he fails to represent the fine subtlety of the strong but selfish intellect, and over-tasks his *physique* in giving expression to violent determinations of will. Striking, accordingly, as were many parts of his *Richard the Third*—well calculated as his performance was frequently to command the thunders of the unreflecting gods—it was, on the whole, unsatisfactory. It commenced in too violent a key. The leading soliloquy, which Kean was wont to meditate so quietly and musically, Mr. Brooke delivered like a set declamatory speech, with every variety of gesture and intonation, addressed to the audience. In this way he treated the soliloquies throughout. The dialogues with *King Henry* (Mr. Archer) and *Lady Anne* (Miss May) were pronounced with much less decision—and were comparatively ineffective. The courtship scene with the latter possessed all the requisite picturesque qualifications; but there was not indicated that wily and serpentine fascination which in the case of Kean overcame the sense of improbability. Mr. Brooke's first really good scene was in the Tower while the murder is performing. The soliloquy here was delivered with that pathetic and impressive elocution which in the gentler passages of his *Othello* won the public. Herein lies the strength of Mr. Brooke as an actor; and he will do well to cultivate his gifts in that direction. From this point the play took a better turn. The hero, driven to extremity, becomes passionate, poetic, and impulsive; and Mr. Brooke in all these phases acted with indisputable power and originality. The tent scene was remarkable for the latter quality; the poetical soliloquies—the dreaming agitation—the awakening alarm—were all finely interpreted. The death scene was appalling. Not only was the fight long continued, but varied with incidents which became rather more than terrible. With many offences, therefore, against good taste, Mr. Brooke's acting of this part must be adjudged to exhibit the possession of remarkable powers. But they are not all, nor generally the specific ones, which the character requires.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The importance of certain matters calling for extended report and examination, which compels the postponement of a notice of newly published music, renders it also necessary for us to advert to one or two "accidents and offences" of the week in the smallest possible compass. The first is the performance of Mozart's *Figaro* at Drury Lane,—with regard to which our contemporaries speak highly of the singers and discouragingly of the English version. The second is Mr. Alteroff's huge Concert,—which we need but record as having taken place in the same locality.—We are told that M. Berlioz will give a repetition of the music performed at his Concert on Thursday next.

Here, too, holding the French Plays to be a subscription entertainment, rather than commanding a general public, we must satisfy ourselves with noticing that M. Boage has been succeeded by Mlle. Nathalie,—whose repertory is far better calculated to please the King-Street public than the stock in trade of the *Odéon*, were the lady herself not de-

servedly a favourite. On the other hand, the French play-goers have come by a loss in Mlle. Lagier.—We beg her pardon, "*La Fille Terrible*"—that most awful of all awful justifications of *Peacum's* wonder that any man alive will ever rear a daughter.

The *Amateur Musical Society*—which this season assembles at the Hanover Square Rooms, and seems to project extending its plan so as to admit choral music—commenced its operations last evening, under the conduct of Mr. C. Lucas.—This gentleman announces, as usual, four quartett evenings, to commence on March 15th.—The Director of the *Musical Union* announces his intention of forming "a library of historical, philosophical and theoretical works on music; also of practical treatises and methods for voices and instruments,—complete scores of all great works, sacred and secular,—of ancient and modern composers,—critical essays, journals, reviews, and every species of musical publication in English, French, German and Italian."

We notice with pleasure the recent performance at Manchester of 'Jerusalem,' an oratorio by Mr. W. Glover, a resident professor there: the effort, as we have again and again pointed out, deserving recognition as implying patience, self-sacrifice, and good intention. It seems strange that while provincial professors (as in the case of this gentleman and Mr. Jackson) are found who so clearly understand English wants and English tastes, their more famous London brethren should persist in writing anything and everything, but that which is sure to be popular, if well executed.

A change is obviously coming over the world of concert-givers:—any change, we are inclined to add, must be one for the better. We observe that M. Prudent, the enthusiastic pianist above-mentioned, is announcing in Paris a series of grand orchestral concerts, the admissions to which are fixed at half the usual price:—while in London, M. Thalberg is about to play in Exeter Hall, also with an orchestra. Here, again, is another prophecy of ours in course of fulfilment:—another invitation, warning artists, creative and executive, which way they should go. To avoid confusion and mistake, however, let it be pointed out that the choicest instrumental music has conditions of limitation; not merely as regards locality but also as regards the executive force brought to bear upon it. It is not every work to the performance of which a monster orchestra is either necessary or expedient. A concerto, in particular, must lose proportion, and become a preposterous exhibition of black and white force, if the *tutti* are exaggerated beyond a certain force; since the power of the *solo* instrument, and of its accompaniments, cannot be proportionately increased.—Ere we have done with the pianoforte players, we may mention that M. Chopin is about to treat the public of Paris to the rare pleasure of hearing him.—We perceive that one of the best-trained players of the younger generation (as, indeed, Hummel's nephew should be) M. Edouard Roedel, has returned to London for the season.—Mr. Aguilar, too, brother to the late lamented authoress, who has been playing at Frankfurt with success, is about to come to England professionally.

M. Reber's opera '*La Nuit de Noël*' has been given at the *Opéra Comique*; some say, without inspiring any very lively interest,—others, with "immense success." With every disposition to credit so clever and graceful a composer as we know M. Reber to be with a triumph, we must wait till these contradictions are cleared up ere we can form an idea of the real state of the case. If the work be such as the writer in the *Journal des Débats* represents it, the music must be presently published; and the English critic will be able to see his way for himself.—The farewell concert of Madame Cinti-Damereau has taken place. M. Fétis, the elder, chronicles it in *La Gazette Musicale* in terms which, to say the least, are rapturous. Not only does he pay due honour to the *cantatrice*,—but he also tells us how M. Prudent, the famous pianist, went on his knees (!) to Mde. Pleyel, the celebrated pianist, in the fulness of his delight at her execution of a *fantaisie* composed by him. It is to be hoped that homage by genuflection is not going to become the mode. Fancy the stalls thus rendering tribute to Lind, or Albani, or Viardot! The bouquet fashion, though open to abuse (as in Havana, where the heaps of flowers thrown to *La Tedesco* hurt some of her fellow-artists for whom

they were not meant), is much prettier, more convenient, and more amusing to look at.

A story is abroad,—which we may as well say at once we do not believe,—that Rossini is resetting 'Le Nozze di Figaro.'

On the 3rd of this month, the anniversary of the birth of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, a commemorative musical performance was given by the members of the *Sing-Academie* of Berlin.—Madame Viardot-Garcia has been winning "golden opinions" there, by her performance of the part of *Romeo* in Bellini's 'Gli Montecchi.'

Mr. Bunn has withdrawn from the management of the Surrey Theatre.—It seems that either rumour was mistaken, or Mrs. Butler has made new arrangements; since she is announced to appear with Mr. Macready for twelve nights at the Princess's Theatre.

MISCELLANEA

Anastatic Printing.—Observing in your last number a communication from Mr. H. E. Strickland, on the subject of anastatic printing, in which the desideratum of paper with a surface as finely and uniformly grained as that which is produced on the stone is mentioned with a view to enable this process of printing to compete with the finer branches of lithography,—I beg to observe that if India paper, or as it is sometimes called Chinese paper, of the best quality, be mounted on soft plate-paper (by pressing the two together while damp through a lithographic press, the India paper being in contact with the blank surface of a lithographic stone which has been properly grained as for a fine lithographic chalk drawing—precisely as India paper impressions of lithographs are taken) and afterwards dried under a slight pressure to preserve the flatness of the double sheet—it will be found that the surface of the India paper has had a clear sharp grain communicated to it by the grain of the stone, of which it will be the exact counterpart—but little if at all inferior to it—adapted to receive drawings done with lithographic chalk that may vie in finish, force, and delicacy with highly finished drawings done on the stone. These drawings so executed may, as Mr. Strickland proposes, be subjected to the anastatic process; and I have little doubt that very beautiful and highly finished works may most conveniently be produced in this manner. I may observe that I have frequently had paper prepared in this way—as I consider it a most agreeable preparation for pencil and chalk drawings of the ordinary description; and I have found that it would be comparatively inexpensive,—as it may be done by any lithographic printer,—I am, &c.

J. S. TEMPLETON.

4, Sussex Place, Kensington, Feb. 17.

The Four Dimensions of Space.—In the Treasury warrant under which books are to go by post, it is stated that no book is to be more than two feet in length or breadth or width or depth. What these four dimensions of space may be I was puzzled to find out:—never having heard of more than three. First I thought that the fourth was given by way of compensation: for as it was the Treasury which first discovered (in taxation) that two and two do not make four, I thought that perhaps it was determined that the dimensions of space should. Having, however, rejected this as somewhat fanciful and rather resembling the processes which preceded the inductive philosophy, I set myself to inquire into existing phenomena; and discovered the following solution—which I humbly submit.—As the biggest books published are the parliamentary blue books, which must have been in the minds of the Lords of the Treasury—and as, next after their great size (the books, not the lords), they are distinguished for nothing so much as stupidity—I conjectured that *depth* might perhaps be used as a civil word for *dulness* (which I suspect is sometimes done in Reviews); and that the regulation merely meant to say that the largest parliamentary volume might travel under the tariff. The four dimensions, then, of a Parliamentary Report are, length, breadth, width, and dulness.

A.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—W. P.—The Rev. C. F.—Sylvanus J. D.—T. S.—M. A., M.D.—T. R. J. P.—J. G.—T. P.—W. M. C.—W. H. M.—Q.—received.

Errata.—P. 162, col. 3, l. 60, for "Sakanan" read *Sakaran*.—l. 62, for "Dusems" read *Dusuns*.—P. 173, col. 1, l. 3, for "furnished" read *unfurnished*.

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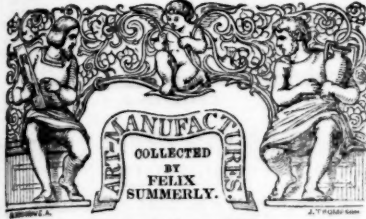
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Premiums allotted, agreeably to the conditions of the Policies,
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The following is a specimen of the Bonuses declared at the first
annual investigation up to the 2nd of July, 1847:

Age when insured.	Sum Assured.	PREMIUMS PAID.		Bonus added.	Per centage on Premiums Paid.
		Number.	Amount.		
10	£3000	6	£315 0 0	£164 16 8	£32 6 6
20	500	7	75 16 8	347 13 4	44 16 3
30	200	6	43 17 6	183 19 8	42 11 8
40	2000	6	464 0 0	172 6 7	37 3 10

ROBERT TUCKER, Secretary.

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SOCIETY** for a Perpetual Assurance Office. Incorporated by
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This is a MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY, in which the
whole profits are divisible amongst the policy-holders every three
years.
The existing ASSURANCES, including additions, amount to
TWO MILLIONS NINE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.
THE ACCUMULATED FUND exceeds FOUR HUNDRED
THOUSAND POUNDS.
THE ANNUAL REVENUE exceeds ONE HUNDRED AND
SEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS.

VIEW of the Progress of the Society down to March 1, 1847.

	Amount Assured.	Annual Revenue.	Accumulated Fund.
At 1st March, 1835	325,611	11,364	74,661
Do. 1841	1,569,570	55,536	153,291
Do. 1847	2,763,361	99,270	469,563

ADDITIONS TO POLICIES.
A Policy effected before 1st March, 1852, for 5,000*l.*, and becoming
a claim after 1st March next, will receive Two Thousand Eight
Hundred and Four Pounds, being an addition of 40 per cent. on the
sum assured. Other Policies have received additions in proportion.
ROBERT CHAMBLISS, Manager.
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term of the Assurance.
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COMPANY.**—5, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, London; 57,
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In 1841, the Company added a bonus of 2 per cent. per annum on
the sum assured to all policies of the participating class, from the
time they were effected.
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mium need be paid for the first five years.
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50, Regent-street, London. Established 1806.
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Annual Income, £140,000. Bonuses Declared, £229,000.
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President.
The Right Honourable EARL GREY.

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2. The Bonuses are added to the Policies, or applied to the reduction
of the Premiums, or may be received in cash as soon as de-
clared, at their then present value.
3. Policies issued by this Office are purchased at their full value;
or Loans may be obtained upon them to the same amount.
4. If a party neglect to pay for the renewal of his Policy, he may
renew the commission any time within 15 months, upon proof of good
health.

Bonuses paid upon Policies which have become Claims.

Life Insured.	Sum Insured.		Sum Paid.
	£.	s. d.	
John Wharton, Esq. Skilton Castle	5,000	7,706 6 0	
John Stuart Schright, Bart.	5,000	7,659 13 3	
Sir William Wake, Bart.	5,000	7,500 5 9	
Earl Strathmore	5,000	7,159 15 8	
Rev. H. W. Champneys, Canterbury	3,000	4,528 11 3	
The Marquis of Wellesley	2,000	3,411 1 3	
Earl Cathcart	1,000	1,863 4 11	

Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained upon applica-
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